

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,708, Vol. 66.

July 21, 1888.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

MR. PARNELL'S RED HERRINGS.

THE average Englishman, who takes his notions of passing events for the most part from a single newspaper, and not unfrequently from some mere paragraph or summary in that, can hardly be said to take the readiest or the surest way for the attainment of accurate information. Moreover, though this is no doubt of less importance, he loses matter of study which is often highly diverting. The game, for instance, of the Parnellite party, and of Gladstonians generally, in the matter of the Government offer of a Special Commission to Mr. PARNELL cannot be fully appreciated without considerable investigation and comparison. But enough of the hand was shown by Mr. PARNELL himself on Monday to make it little short of amazing that any writers or speakers should think so meanly of their own side as to believe a policy of mystification any longer possible. When the offer was first made, to the surprise of most people on both sides, Mr. PARNELL's party generally, both Irish and English, were thrown into the most evident embarrassment by it, and by Mr. PARNELL's first silence on the subject. It was not till Unionists, as in duty bound, pointed out the obvious though counterbalanced objections to this rather perilous precedent of allowing differential treatment to persons in exactly the same position as any other persons who have been falsely or justly accused of atrocious crime, that some heart of grace was taken. Then the proposal was held up as an admission on the part of the Government that the case was in some way unsuitable for a jury, while the Unionist objections to it as a precedent were eagerly seized as implying uncertainty of the result in the particular case.

But it was evidently felt that this would not do, or that if it would do at all, even for a party which takes Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN for a man of light and leading, it must be helped out somehow. And therefore, no doubt, the word was given for the curious scenes on Monday last. The order and arrangement of those scenes ought to be palpable to the smallest child who has got beyond taking Pussy's shadow in the glass for Pussy. The circumstances of the case were as clear and, barring their occasion, as ordinary as anything could well be. To meet Mr. PARNELL's views the Government had promised to bring in a certain Bill constituting a certain tribunal. They had distinctly and from the first said that this was a take-or-leave offer, and Mr. PARNELL had only got to say, after due consultation with others if he liked, whether he would take or leave it. This, however, for reasons best known to himself, and with which we need not now concern ourselves, he distinctly declined to do. But, having his place and opportunity provided for him, he chose to strike into one of the irregular question-and-answer debates now so frequent, one brought on in this case by an idle inquiry from an English Parnellite. Mr. PARNELL's plea was that of protest against the place of the Bill on the notice-paper. A leader of the House such as Mr. GLADSTONE, or as Mr. DISRAELI, would probably have put this question by; but Mr. SMITH, being an almost unwisely fair-minded man, entered with much pains and candour into Mr. PARNELL's question, and told him frankly the facts. This, of course, was what Mr. PARNELL wanted, and he had got it. He knew that his motion of adjournment on a matter of urgent public importance would be ruled out of order; there are few men who know the rules of the House better than he, and Gladstonians themselves have had to admit that the case was clear. But that did not matter. If he got his adjournment speech, well; if not, well also. For he could, as he did, affect the air of a gagged martyr, talk about "sheep before the butchers" (an awkward metaphor in a case

which has so much to do with actual butchery), and, in vulgar phrase, "get up the steam" for the later observations which, if he had not been desirous to make a theatrical display more theatrical, he might have made without any preface at all. It is very well known that Mr. PARNELL never shows any sign of passion unless he is really in a very great passion indeed, or else has the strongest reasons for simulating passion, and this was never clearer than on Monday. The "sheep and the butchers," which, from his subsequent letter of explanation, even he seems to have thought a mistake; the later "monstrous proposition," the rebuke to Mr. BALFOUR for "levity," the "BILL SIKES" (but Mr. PARNELL mistakes; it is FAGIN that he is said to be, not BILL SIKES), the Home Rule howlings-to-order which punctuated his speech, and so forth, can, in the ordinary explanation of human conduct, have had no other meaning and origin than an intense desire both to pose as a martyr, and to avoid if possible giving a categorical acceptance or refusal at all.

For this is what Mr. PARNELL did on Monday, and while it no doubt illustrates the weak side of the Government proposal, it certainly cannot be denied by any one who can or will see a church by daylight that it illustrates still more strongly the desperate reluctance of those who proclaim themselves libelled to have the matter judicially out with those whom they declare to be their libellers. That the Government position is weakened, or at least that it is more exposed than it was before, we do not think questionable. Although certainly they have not admitted, they have enabled the enemy to say that they admit, the monstrous proposition that "a jury of London shopkeepers" is not to be trusted to try truly an action in which Mr. PARNELL is concerned, and they have abandoned the other—as Mr. T. W. RUSSELL truly calls it, the impregnable—position of referring Mr. PARNELL, like any other subject of the QUEEN, to the QUEEN'S Courts for remedy if he is aggrieved. But if the Parnellites have been able to open fire from new parallels, the weakness of their own general case has been enormously aggravated. They have had their point about the London shopkeepers granted; they have been exempted from all possibility of exposure to the malignity of these relentless persecutors. They have had the offer of an extraordinary tribunal all to themselves, at the national cost, before which they need not fear either the law's delay or the law's expense, and composed of persons whose impartiality they themselves dare not directly impugn. Some even of their backers are frantically imploring them to accept at all hazards. And yet they cannot make up their minds frankly to accept or daringly to refuse. So anxious were they to raise a dust and confuse the issue that they could not even take the usual course of letting the first reading pass in silence and mustering their courage to speak the decisive word on the second. They are like duellists who have insisted on a meeting, who have demanded the choice of weapons, who have claimed the nomination of the place, the time, and the circumstances, who have all this granted, and who still cannot make up their minds to show fight. To talk of the Government backing out, and so forth, argues a kind of rage and frenzy of imbecility which is astonishing, even in the party from which it comes. Why should the Government want to back out in a contest where the adversary cannot be got, for the very life of him, even to stand on his guard, and is looking over his shoulder whenever he is not frantically deprecating the duel? Yet even this absurdity has been exceeded by the suggestion that the inclusion of "other persons" besides members of Parliament is a wrong to the Parnellites. Again the frantic fear of investigation masters all other considerations, and the defendant wishes to accept trial

only on the terms that he shall limit the inquiry as he pleases.

Indeed, from the whole thing one, and only one, conclusion can be drawn, and that conclusion grows clearer with every Parnellite move. These moves are the moves of men who, whether they are guilty or innocent, are, for some reason or other, either desperately afraid of being found guilty or almost as desperately afraid of being proved to be innocent. The one method of investigation which Mr. PARNELL has invited happens, unfortunately, to be, in the first place, no method of investigation at all, and, in the second, one which he very well knew would not be granted. The others he refuses altogether, or boggles at with the passionate and desperate earnestness of Monday, while his supporters try to divert attention by childish attacks on the ATTORNEY-GENERAL or plaintive demands for free copies of penny pamphlets. Let any man conceive if he can the state of mind of another man who, being charged with the foulest crimes, knowing himself to be innocent, and being offered the means of proving his innocence, declines or hesitates because he may not have "a debate" on whether he will be proved innocent or not. If this conception is possible, Mr. PARNELL can be conceived as his admirers assert that they see him; if not, not.

FRANCE.

THE French Chambers have brought their Sessions to a close, and M. FLOQUET is still in office. This is about the whole outcome of French politics for the last few months. It would require a very robust faith to believe that the Republic is any the stronger for what has happened since the present Cabinet came into office, or, what is almost equally unfortunate for France, that any possible alternative is more visible. The Republic as it stands is so little accepted that all parties have long looked forward to the recess as a time in which they can prepare for a fight over the next revolution under the name of revision. The end of the Session has been spent in winding-up business and clearing off arrears in preparation for the struggle. The words business and arrears are used for sake of convenience, and not because the Senate or the Chamber have been engaged on the work of government. There was plenty for them to do. The Budget and the Army Bill were of themselves enough to have filled the Session, even if the Deputies and Senators had not thought fit to meddle with public instruction or the administration of Tonquin, which is in great need of attention. But these remain where they were. The finances are in as bad a condition as is possible for so rich a country as France. Expenditure is always in excess of income. The floating debt increases steadily, and the Treasury is reduced to every species of hand to mouth expedient. But the Chamber has hurried through the Budget as usual, and has neither made its mind up to cut down expenses nor to impose new taxes. At the close of the Session it has rejected a scheme of naval fortification because it was not costly enough, without stopping to remember that the MINISTER OF FINANCE cannot make both ends meet. The Army Bill drags on in the Senate. With the exception of a very few soldiers, and the more rabid kind of "democratic" politicians, nobody has anything to say in its favour. Competent critics agree that it would for the time disorganize the army, and would make confusion permanent. But it professes to equalize the military burdens of all Frenchmen, and nobody dares to oppose the sacred cause of equality too openly. So the Senate puts as many spokes as it can in the wheel, but neither rejects nor passes the Bill, and the army has to take its share of the uncertainty which prevails in every department of the Government of France.

The business which the Deputies have been engaged in settling is something much more attractive to the present generation of politicians (and some others too) than the work of administration. It is the great question which of them is to have the best chance of coming to the top in the scramble. How far recent scenes in or out of the Chamber have settled this important point is what we need, happily, not undertake to settle. It is enough that they have been played for no other object. For this did General BOULANGER come down to the Chamber last week with his motion and insult M. FLOQUET. For this did M. FLOQUET poke the point, not of a rapier, but of a duelling sword, into General BOULANGER'S neck. It is not altogether easy for an Eng-

lishman to speak of the trial by battle between these eminent persons without either too much gravity or too little. Doubtless when the seconds arranged that a military gentleman of fifty, who had been wounded on his right side, should engage in an athletic exercise with a fairly practised but corpulent lawyer of sixty, they did not mean that anything serious should happen to either of them. The wound was really an accident; it is even highly probable that, had not M. BOULANGER made such furious attempts to take his adversary's life, the encounter would have terminated in the customary stab through the wrist or the knee—a sort of wound which, insignificant as it may appear in the *procès-verbal*, is quite sufficient to render impossible any continuance of a "correct" combat. The details of the bouts are typical illustrations of the vagaries of unpractised swordsmen. On the seconds' sacramental words "Allez, Messieurs," the ex-War Minister suddenly "charged," wounded his adversary in the leg, received a slight stab himself on the hand, and ended this curious "phrase" by falling flat on the ground. The second bout was similar. This time the impetuous soldier rushed on his adversary, evidently with the bent arm of the inexperienced or the crippled, for he merely scratched M. FLOQUET; who, equally inexperienced, but too full of "martial scorn" to break ground, held out his point, without parrying, and ran it through the nearest thing at hand—namely, the ex-General's neck. This is a little absurd; for to fight with a deadly weapon, but with no intention of killing, is rather a farce; but then duels, and particularly with the white arm, are generally harmless. Moreover, we are hardly so far off the Duke of WELLINGTON'S decidedly funny encounter with Lord WINCHILSEA as to be entitled to laugh at all French political duels. Considering the care taken by the judicious second, it is unnecessary to shake the head of morality over the bloodthirstiness of these things. Neither need they be denounced as unworthy bids for popularity. Perhaps, or even without perhaps, a duel is as respectable an advertisement as a spell of wood-cutting, in your shirt-sleeves, for the delectation of excursionists. To dismiss encounters of the BOULANGER-FLOQUET kind as altogether absurd is equally uncritical. French opinion makes them necessary under certain circumstances, and no man is to be blamed for complying with the customs of society. A duel is, after all, as good a way of deciding a quarrel between two politicians as a series of wrangling letters in the *Times* over the question whether one of them did or did not compare the Lower House to the Lower Regions. The interesting thing would be to learn which of the actors in this scene has best succeeded in pleasing the gallery. As the judicious person in DICKENS observed, there is a great deal to be said on both sides. M. FLOQUET has won, and, so far, it is well for him. General BOULANGER has lost, and made himself more ridiculous than he was to the people of Paris. Whether he has damaged his position outside of the capital remains to be seen. He has come forward and made himself conspicuous again, which was wise in him. It is not safe to conclude that his defeat will do him much real harm. He can always plead his wound, and it ought to be remembered that he was blamed for insisting on the use of pistols in his proposed duel with M. FERRY. In the present case he has not shrunk from the usual weapon. Whatever else he has shown, he has not shown fear. For the present he and M. FLOQUET are the two most conspicuous men in France. There are people who for some rather mysterious reason think that the victory of the lawyer is to be desired. We can see no call for any Englishmen to prefer the one to the other. The success of either, and even their rivalry, is a tolerably severe comment on the last century of French politics. No great European country has ever been reduced to choose between an intriguing soldier, of whom all that his enemies allege is true except the charge of stupidity, and a political lawyer, of whom his friends have never been able to say anything which proves that he is a statesman.

The yearly glorification of the rabbling of the disused prison in the Bastille and the uncovering of GAMBETTA'S statue are not in themselves important events. It has become the custom to glorify the violence and folly of the Revolution, and it will become (for a brief time, probably) the habit to glorify GAMBETTA as a great statesman and patriot. The exact amount of historical knowledge and political criticism which goes to either may be estimated from the fact that persons who are zealous in both have lately thought fit to erect a statue to ESTIENNE MARCEL as a patriot and man of the people. Such judges are capable

of passing curious verdicts on the history of their country. But, as some admirers of the Blessed Reformation have amply proved among us, it is not necessary that knowledge should go to the making of a political creed. In France at present the beauty, the necessity, and the beneficence of the Revolution are articles of faith with probably the large majority of Frenchmen, and their heroes are the men who have upset something. All parties have to admire them with open mouth. The difference is that they cannot agree as to who the true representatives of the Revolution are. There are Royalist orators who claim the character for the Count of PARIS, and he is himself prepared to demonstrate to deputations of workmen that he only can give democracy what it wants. The Bonapartists are quite cocksure as to their power to do as much, but, then, so are MM. CARNOT, FLOQUET, and BOULANGER. Probably even poor M. CLÉMENTEAU, who has fallen from the position of necessary leader to the humble post of M. FLOQUET's second, is equally sure about himself. Unfortunately, none of them can say what democracy does want, unless it be that the political gentleman who is speaking should be at the head of affairs—and democracy won't say anything to help them.

THE TWO EMPERORS.

THE visit to the Northern Courts which the young German EMPEROR is now paying naturally continues to be the chief topic of interest in foreign affairs, though, of course, nothing is yet known as to its results. It has not been made less interesting by an article of the well-known official or semi-official kind in the *North German Gazette*, which was, so to speak, fired off as a starting gun to speed the EMPEROR on his way, and has been followed up since by further volleys. In that article Russians and Frenchmen are addressed in the fine old hectoring fashion which used to make the reputation of our own *Times* in its "Thunderer" days, but which English journalists of the better class rarely care now to adopt. The subjects of the Sovereign whom WILLIAM II. met on Thursday are politely convicted of "Asiatic arrogance" and "Asiatic ignorance" if they put certain constructions on the visit; while it is remarked with thankfulness, but with some Pharisaism, that Germans are not quite so incompetent to understand politics as Frenchmen. This queer double-barrelled discharge East and West is, of course, perfectly accordant with the most probable and the most reasonable explanations of the EMPERORS' meeting, and with the language of the speech from the Throne, and it is also in accordance with that deep-seated dislike between the German and the Russian peoples which must undergo some extraordinary change before anything stronger than a dynastic alliance or a negative *Friedenbund* is possible between them, however friendly their respective Sovereigns may be. Indeed, the combination of visits which is being made might be construed by a very sanguine person as betokening something quite different from a special understanding between Germany and Russia—as a general making things pleasant between the various Powers on the Baltic, a neighbourly round of complimentary visits with no particular political significance.

If this is a little too sanguine (and it is not certain that it is), it has, at any rate, more reason on its side than some other theories which are started or re-started from time to time. Among them even that most preposterous of all follies, the notion of an Anglo-Russo-French alliance, appears to find a certain place, duly balanced by the suggestion that Russia is somehow or other to be coaxed into coercing France. It would be well for those who think the triple alliance anything but a sheer absurdity to read the book in which M. ANATOLE LEROY-BEAULIEU has just expanded certain recent articles of his. It is not necessary to accept the writer's views on purely English matters, though even these are worth attention. But it may be noticed that, writing as a well-informed and intelligent Frenchman, he takes views, both of the triple alliance just mentioned and of the less complicated idea of a stricter union between Russia and France by themselves, exactly identical with those which for some years have been urged here. M. LEROY-BEAULIEU points out, as we have often pointed out before, that, in the case of an offensive, or even a defensive, alliance between Paris and St. Petersburg, the possible gains would be very largely on the Russian side and the possible losses almost wholly on the French; and that, great

as is the Russian strength, it is a strength peculiarly untrustworthy for a foreign ally to reckon with. And he points out further, as we have also pointed out many times, the fatal obstacle in the way of the admission of England—the fact that Russia and France are, as far as the term natural enemies can be used at all, the natural enemies of England, the Powers which have something to gain from her and very little if anything to give her. Now it need hardly be said that the conditions of a durable alliance are just the other way. It can be formed, and formed only, between Powers which either do not covet each other's goods at all, or else can balance mutual desires with reciprocal satisfactions.

The comparatively trifling fear that any reasonable German can have of a serious and threatening Franco-Russian alliance is a matter to be seriously taken into account in estimating the chances of the EMPERORS' meeting, and explains, to some extent, the apparently quaint device of rating the Russian people as ignorant and arrogant savages, while paying formal compliments to the Russian Sovereign. But the fullest conviction that there is no serious danger of such an alliance need not prevent the German EMPEROR from giving his kinsman some personal satisfaction if he can. And the giving of this is rendered all the more likely by the part which the German Government took in restoring the Crown Prince of SERBIA to his father last week. The German Government in doing this did, of course, only its plain duty; but people do not always do their plain duty without a motive. Now the motive in this case is not very far to seek. The gabblers who talk about the "outrage" perpetrated on Queen NATHALIE by taking "her son" from her (the extremely uncomplimentary nature of the apparent inference that King MILAN is not taking "his" son seems to escape them) find it convenient to overlook the fact that the QUEEN's conduct is undoubtedly due, if not to Russian influences, to the instigation of some one who takes Russian views. The restoration of the Prince to his father is, therefore, in a certain sense a stroke for the anti-Russian party in the Peninsula; and the German Government, having dealt it, may now plausibly claim the right to deal some corresponding blow on the other side. The selection of the particular easement may not impossibly form a subject of conversation on the *Derjava* or at Peterhof. It might be found in more directions than one, and especially it is likely to be found in Bulgaria. Prince FERDINAND must have felt a curious variation of *proximus ardet* when he heard of his neighbour's success in rescuing his son. Bulgaria's turn for being set on fire is only the more likely to come because the fire in Serbia has been for the moment extinguished.

The ingenuity of Vienna and Constantinople has exerted itself in finding a new solatium for Russia in the direction of Asia Minor; and the apprehensions of the Porte are said to be seriously directed thereto. It is a pity that Turkey, which has now had ten years to do it in, has not profited by the opportunity of setting her Anatolian house in order which was given her in 1878. But it is not clear why Russia should either ask or receive the leave of Germany for any enterprises in this direction, a direction where German approval and disapproval are equally immaterial to the CZAR. England, in the first place, and the Mediterranean Powers in the second, not Germany, or even Austria, are interested in this new attempt of Russia to work down to the central sea; England alone is interested in any attempt that she may make by Asiatic encroachment to reach the Persian Gulf. And in this respect we must repeat that there ought to be no illusion whatever as to English interests and duties. These interests, and, in a way, these duties, have, as far as European Turkey is concerned, considerably diminished of late years; partly from the shifting of political circumstances generally which has followed the Treaty of Berlin, and partly from the new duties and interests imposed upon, or created for, Austria in this respect. But both duty and interest are as strong in the Anatolian case as ever, if they are not even stronger, by reason of the recent Russian encroachments in Afghanistan. But it may be repeated that there is very little reason why the CZAR should even sound his neighbour on any such subject as this. No one in England out of a lunatic asylum has the slightest idea of the Pomeranian grenadier risking his precious and much-talked-of bones in order to play England's game in Asia unless, in some situation not yet created, England can offer some very solid price for his services. And it may be added that England, in a purely Asiatic struggle with Russia, would require no European

aid, and would be indifferent to anything but active coercion on the other side from European Powers. Therefore we may look upon the meeting with very tolerable equanimity, though, no doubt, with some curiosity and not altogether without some preparation.

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BILL.

THE present leader of the House of Commons has many qualifications for his office; but he is perhaps too easily persuaded to surrender the initiative which belongs to the Government. In so complicated a measure as the Local Government Bill which has at last struggled through Committee, amendments which are not in themselves objectionable may be properly resisted if they tend to derange the original scheme. Concessions made in the middle of a debate indicate at best a certain want of foresight in the authors of the measure. When the Government determined to exempt the City, as far as possible, from immediate legislation, it would have been inconsistent to introduce a change in the powers of the Corporation, even though the innovation might be an improvement. Mr. SMITH was apparently surprised by the unanimity of both parties in favour of Mr. PICKERSGILL's amendment. No metropolitan member except Sir R. FOWLER spoke in favour of the ancient system, and the Radicals for once found it convenient to propound the soundest constitutional doctrine. The only argument against the transfer of judicial patronage from the City to the Crown was that the Local Government Bill ought not to be encumbered with irrelevant provisions. On this issue Mr. SMITH perhaps hoped to defeat the Opposition, until Sir HENRY JAMES's speech showed that the Liberal-Unionists were likely to secede, for the occasion, from their alliance with the Government. It was not worth while to incur the risk of a defeat on the question whether a beneficial change was or was not opportune. The Bill will be less symmetrical than the original draft, but there is some compensation for the irregularity in the abolition of an anomaly which might on some occasion degenerate into a scandal. It happened that Sir HENRY JAMES had taken a principal part in the denunciation of a canvass for the office of Common Serjeant, and he welcomed the opportunity of retrieving a former defeat. The accuracy of his statement has been denied, and it is certain that on the next vacancy there will be no appeal to the domestic or social sympathies of the members of the Common Council. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's complaint that Mr. ROBERT BOURKE, now Lord CONNEMARA, was not preferred to his competitor would scarcely have justified a condemnation of the existing practice.

The advantages of elective institutions sometimes vary inversely with the numbers and popular character of the constituencies. It is admitted that the Aldermen have made excellent appointments to the high office of Recorder. Mr. STUART WORTLEY, Mr. RUSSELL GURNEY, and the present Recorder have discharged their duties to the general satisfaction. Some of them would not improbably have been appointed by the Crown, if the choice had not rested with the Aldermen. The minor offices also have for the most part been creditably filled, notwithstanding the acknowledged disadvantage of popular election. A political choice is not always made in favour of an incompetent candidate. Mr. DENMAN, afterwards Lord Chief Justice, was elected as Common Serjeant in recognition of the personal and professional services which he had rendered to the unfortunate Queen CAROLINE. It was nevertheless universally acknowledged that he did honour to the office, and afterwards in a higher capacity he was one of the most upright and dignified of judges. The numerous speakers on both sides of the House who urged Mr. SMITH to accept Mr. PICKERSGILL's amendment evidently believed themselves to be engaged in a laudable and virtuous enterprise. The result of their success will be that in future Recorders and Common Serjeants, if there are still functionaries with those titles, will probably be not less respectable than nearly all their recent predecessors. In all probability their functions and their jurisdiction will be remodelled, though their official appellations may survive. The City Corporation is doomed, though it has with suspicious lenity been excluded from the scope of the Local Government Bill. Sir R. FOWLER somewhat maladroitly took credit to himself and his colleagues for offering no opposition to a measure which, except in the matter of the judicial appointments, in

no degree concerned their constituents. If the Court of Aldermen or the Common Council had possessed a veto, the Bill would have been unanimously suppressed.

It may be conjectured, though it cannot be proved, that Mr. PICKERSGILL and his friends object to the election of the City judges, not because the constituencies are likely to be inconsiderate and capricious, but because the Corporation has in modern times become thoroughly Conservative. The LORD CHANCELLOR or PRIME MINISTER may possibly, when a vacancy occurs, be more devoted to the cause of Liberalism than the actual patrons who are now to be superseded; but it must be admitted that judges of still higher rank have of late years for the most part been preferred on legitimate grounds. Recorders of provincial boroughs are appointed by the Crown, generally as supporters of the party which is in office. It is not found in practice that they are less capable or less impartial because they owe their promotion to political claims. County Court judges are comparatively seldom appointed on any ground except their competence for the office. On the whole, it seems probable that the new arrangement as to the City judges will at least maintain the present standard of fitness. The numerous protests against the election of Recorders and Common Serjeants are, as far as they are sincere, fully justified by American experience. The English Colonies, which are in this respect alone less democratic than the United States, have entrusted the selection of judges to the Executive Government. In America itself the judges of the Supreme Court, who are universally respected, are appointed by the President with the assent of the Senate. In the lower ranks of the State judiciary the result of popular election has been generally unsatisfactory and sometimes scandalous. When TWEED and his gang were plundering the City and the State of New York the criminals succeeded in retaining the services of more than one judge for the purpose of securing impunity to themselves. It is not known whether the prevailing public opinion approves of popular election, and of its inevitable consequences. One of the speakers in the late debate in the House of Commons thought that, if the Constitutions of the Union and of the States were now to be reconstructed, the vicious system of election to judicial office would be by common consent abolished. It is extremely difficult to obtain the consent of a dominant multitude to any limitation of its powers. Many of the States have within a few years amended their Constitutions; but it is not known that any of them have taken the opportunity to improve the judicial system by fundamental changes in the distribution of legal patronage.

It was not uninteresting to learn that ultra-Radicals can on any occasion understand the inherent disabilities of popular suffrage. Less enthusiastic believers in the wisdom and virtue of the numerical majority may venture to doubt whether the charge of unfitness to elect Recorders exhausts the drawbacks to absolute democracy. Probably almost all Mr. PICKERSGILL's supporters voted a day or two earlier for the transfer to the London County Council of control over the Metropolitan Police. No legislative measure relating to Recorders or Common Serjeants would be as mischievous and irrational. It is to be regretted that a barrister should be tempted to compromise his professional dignity by begging a mass of ignorant constituents to bestow on him a judicial office. If policemen learned to look to demagogues for favour and promotion, life and property would no longer be secure. It is surprising that the handful of members who devote their energies to the promotion of anarchy should not have vindicated the claims of popular suffrage to universal supremacy. It is true that neither the Aldermen of London nor the Common Council are typical constituencies; but nearly all the arguments which were used in the debate applied to the advantages of nomination over any form of election. A Minister is likely to be more conscientious than a mob in the appointment of a judge, but the advantage of individual responsibility is not confined to one kind of patronage. The House of Commons, which exercises all the functions of sovereignty, is for the most part chosen without serious regard to the fitness of the candidates. There are members whom not even a party leader could return to the House if he were to pledge his own reputation to the fitness of his choice. Sir HENRY JAMES dilated with much force on the incapacity of the City electors to appreciate the legal knowledge and general competence of a candidate for judicial office. An American might answer that the objection, if it is sound, would apply to many other nominators to office. Probably controversies may arise in which the admissions of the speakers in the recent debate

may be quoted as admissions of the general incompetence of popular bodies; but there is little force in an appeal to logical consistency. Ingenious apologists may perhaps distinguish the present case on the ground that the Corporation was not strictly entitled to its judicial patronage because the Recorder and the Common Serjeant try prisoners from places outside the City. Mr. SMITH was perhaps glad of a technical and supplementary excuse for accepting an inappropriate amendment which might have been carried against him. The practical defeat of the Government on a minor point was to some extent disguised by a pretext for giving way. It is not improbable that the party which now protests against elected judges may hereafter regret that it has imposed one trifling check on the omnipotence of popular suffrage. The House of Lords has already taken an opportunity of pinning the Liberal party to its new objections to popular election. Notwithstanding Lord HERSCHELL's opinion that coroners are not judges, the ancient system of election of those officers by the freeholders of counties has been summarily abolished.

IRELAND.

IT is almost impossible even for the bitterest opponent of Dillonism—for it would be unfair to attach Mr. PARNELL's name to a policy which he has publicly repudiated—not to feel some compassion for the supporters of the Plan of Campaign under the last blow which has fallen upon them. If we do manage to withhold our commiseration, it is only because our hearts are hardened by the timely reflection that the sufferers have rather wantonly brought it on themselves. Common prudence would have suggested that when the Papal Rescript condemning the Plan was first promulgated, the efforts of the agitators to neutralize its effect should be of a private rather than a public character; that openly they should content themselves with a formal and respectful protest, while secretly they should use their utmost efforts to persuade the Irish tenantry that His HOLINESS had not condemned, or, at any rate, had not meant to condemn, the Plan of Campaign in principle, so to speak, but had only cautioned the faithful against certain abuses of it which it would have been easy to persuade them they had not committed, and were in no danger of committing. Wherever the agitator could find a priest willing to lend himself to some such "accommodation" of the Papal deliverance, it would have been possible for the lay and clerical allies together to put a fairly good face upon matters. Instead, however, of adopting this discreet course, the noisier partisans of the spoliation policy have stumped the country blatantly and insolently, proclaiming aloud what they should have kept for the ear of the peasant—namely, that the POPE had in effect been bamboozled into pronouncing his Pontifical judgment on a matter on which he had been inaccurately informed. It was another blunder, though a less serious one, to assert so loudly and repeatedly that the Rescript was concerned with a political question, and that even the best Catholic might legitimately refuse to take his politics from Rome. This, we say, was a minor blunder, because, inasmuch as such a pretence was ill calculated to deceive even the most ignorant of Irish peasants, there was less to be lost by provoking its exposure. Nevertheless, its exposure has been provoked along with that of the other. The agitators have managed by their foolish violence to extract another communication from the Vatican which literally cuts the last inch of ground from under their feet. The letter from the POPE to the Irish bishops, which was read in all the Roman Catholic chapels on Sunday last, is not only sterner in tone than the original Rescript, but it lays especial and significant stress on the points to which we have referred, and that in terms which indicate clearly enough that the rebellious attitude of the lay agitators has given high displeasure at Rome. "There are not a few persons," His HOLINESS says, "who have come forward and summoned the people to 'excited meetings,' and have attacked the authority of the decree, not only by 'forced interpretations,' but even by denial that obedience is due to it, 'as if it were not 'the true and proper office of the Church to decide what is 'right and wrong in human actions.' And LEO XIII. goes on to demolish the pretence of 'error on the facts' by reminding the bishops that his 'sources of information 'are trustworthy,' that he had 'investigated the matter 'in personal interviews with themselves,' and that he last year sent them as legate 'a man of tried prudence and

'discretion with the commission to use the greatest diligence in ascertaining the truth, and to make a faithful 'report.'

If anything were needed to complete the destructive effect of this, it would be found in the utter discomfiture which the Nationalists invited for themselves by their rash presentation of an address of thanks to Archbishop WALSH for the timely and salutary effect of his recent message addressed to them from Rome. To this the Archbishop replied that the Catholic religion had been described to him at Rome, in a letter from a friend, as being in a very critical condition in Ireland "owing to recent events." According to some, he added, "The moorings of Catholicity in 'the country were in danger. But he soon found such statements were wild and without foundation." Well, clearly the only persons who have threatened "the moorings of Catholicity" are the agitators who have preached disobedience to the Papal decree. And the only possible meaning of the statements to which the Archbishop refers as being "wild "and without foundation" is that the aforesaid agitators have failed in their attempts to excite an anti-Papal revolt, and that the POPE's condemnation of the Plan will be respected. Which is just what we believe will be generally the case so far as all future operations of the Campaigners are concerned. It now only remains, therefore, for the Executive to deal firmly with those cases—of which a typical instance is just occurring—where the die has been already cast, and the infatuated tenants have been lured too far to retreat. It must be plain enough to any one who has studied the merits of the dispute on the VANDELEUR estate, with any pretence to impartiality, that this is a flagrant example of the combined dishonesty and cruelty of the conspiracy which has been denounced by the Holy See. No one can doubt that, if the agitator had not interfered between the landlord and tenant, their differences would long ago have been settled, not only amicably, but on terms of the utmost liberality to the occupiers. Not only so, but there is a very strong probability that even now, if it were possible for the tenants threatened with eviction to withdraw from the false position in which selfish political schemers have, for private purposes, thrust them, they would be willing to do so. Instructions have been given to evict only those who are known to be able to pay the very largely reduced rent with which the landlord has repeatedly offered to content himself; and the men, therefore, who have just been forcibly dispossessed might if they had chosen—or rather if their Nationalist masters had chosen—be at this moment in possession of their homesteads. No doubt, however, they have been for some time past disabled from exercising a free judgment. The money wherewith they ought to be liquidating the debt which has been already so handsomely abated by their landlord is no doubt in the hands of some organizer of the Plan, and according to the terms of the iniquitous and oppressive compact which they have been compelled to make, has passed for ever beyond their recovery or control. Repentant or unrepentant, there is therefore nothing for it now but to evict them; and evicted they will accordingly be. Upon the firmness with which the operations are carried out by the Executive, upon the vigour and resolution with which the resistance of the tenantry is overcome and punished, will probably depend the question whether the VANDELEUR evictions are or are not the last which will be necessary in the work of breaking down, once for all, the weakened and discredited Plan of Campaign.

The Mitchelstown inquest has been discussed pretty freely during its course by the Nationalist members, and of course, with their usual amount of respect for English prejudices, they have not imposed the slightest restraint on their criticism by reason of the matter being still *sub judice*. It has been reserved, however, for Mr. GLADSTONE to show in this, as in so many cases, his power of outdoing his Irish allies in any display of political indecorum, however gross. He would not dwell, he said at Sir WILFRID LAWSON's house, "upon the case of Mr. MANDEVILLE, because it is 'still the subject of judicial investigation, further than to 'observe,' among other things, that it 'was one of the 'most shocking, one of the most revolting cases ever 'presented to us'; that it reveals a mode of prison treatment which it would be 'emasculating the case and concealing 'and screening the truth' to call 'harsh,' and which, to avoid all prejudice of a matter still under investigation, Mr. GLADSTONE prefers to designate by the neutral expression 'brutal.' This is the language applied by a man who has been three times Prime Minister of England to a prison system the rules of which have been duly authorized by

law and applied in hundreds and thousands of cases in England and Ireland without eliciting a word of complaint or protest. Writing as we do while the inquiry is still proceeding, we shall endeavour to improve upon Mr. GLADSTONE'S reticence by "dwelling" even less upon the case than he does. We shall content ourselves with a reply to one only of his remarks on the evidence—that, namely, to the effect that the wife of the deceased, "who" was cross-examined, of course, on behalf of the Crown—"everywhere endeavouring to rebut these statements—was" so cross-examined without the production of the slightest "effect in weakening her evidence." On which we need only observe that the cross-examination of Mrs. MANDEVILLE elicited from her the creditably candid admission that the treatment of which her husband complained was, according to his own account, due solely to his refusal to conform to the rules. And on that point we will say no more at present than that it is much to be regretted that the deceased allowed himself to be influenced by Mr. O'BRIEN'S example. That shrewd agitator, as it appears from a very significant remark, was perfectly aware that his notoriety, and his reputation for delicate health, and his unrivalled powers of self-advertisement, made it safer for him to engage in a conflict with the prison authorities than would be the case with a comparatively obscure person supposed to possess a "magnificent physique." And the result showed that he was right, so far as he himself was concerned; since, whatever may have been the effect of the punishment on Mr. MANDEVILLE, the CHIEF SECRETARY, we know, was able to restore Mr. O'BRIEN "several pounds heavier" to his admiring friends.

ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA.

THE Colonists are distinctly our superiors in the noble game of mudlarking. Their victory at Lord's on Tuesday is very much to their credit, because with their climate they have less practice in the game than ourselves. A series of sunny summers and perfect grounds have not taught us the noble lessons of mudlarking, as it hath often been played in the fens and marshes of rural cricket-grounds. On the other hand, the Australians probably never learned those lessons at all, and their skill in the sloppy and hazardous pastime is a wonderful instance of genius adapting itself to new conditions. Perhaps a little should be allowed for luck. The second innings of Mr. FERRIS for Australia (not out, 20) was a supreme exhibition of happy-go-lucky mudlarking. He hit at everything, and the ball hopped about his wicket without disturbing the bails when he missed it; whereas, when he hit it, the ball flopped up between fielders and took unheard-of lines into unexpected places. Other mudlarkers were not so fortunate as Mr. FERRIS. All his distinguished companions, down to the eighth wicket, were out for 18, which was at least as long a score as their play, considered as cricket, deserved. There was no reason but the blind dictate of Chance why Mr. FERRIS should be more fortunate than the rest. But Chance is the goddess of mudlarking, which is to cricket what Bumble-puppy is to whist.

The intelligent sportsman who was fortunate enough not to see the match may ask why the English Eleven, as batting proper was impossible, did not spoon and fluke about like the Australians? The answer is, that some of them did try it, but that the Australians beat us by the excellence of their bowling. Our bowlers did very well, BRIGGS and PEEL especially, and Mr. STEEL (unless he kept LOHMANN on too long in the second innings) managed the changes extremely well. But BRIGGS, PEEL, and LOHMANN are more easy to fluke off than Mr. FERRIS and Mr. TURNER. Let it be frankly acknowledged that men never bowled better than these two young Colonists. Mr. SPOFFORTH himself, even in his famous final victory at the Oval, was, perhaps, never more unplayable. The break which each bowler could put on was unsurpassed, considering the speed. Any one who watched the deliveries at the side of the wicket before the second innings of England began must have had very little hope left. As for the Australian fielding, second innings, it was quite marvellous, and a beautiful thing for even losers to witness. The amount of ground covered, the hard hits stopped, the rapidity and accuracy of the returns, were all exemplary, and more strikingly admirable than the English fielding, though (except for two catches missed in the first innings) that also was very good. We still feel perfectly confident that

England can beat the Australians soundly in a good light, and on the wickets which were usual before this season. But we are almost equally confident that the Australians, thanks to their bowlers, are our masters at mudlarking. Leicester beat them at that game, and might do it again, but no Leicestershire man plays for England.

To examine the match more in detail, England lacked SHREWSBURY, of course, and ULYETT, nor have we managed to understand exactly why Mr. O'BRIEN was played. If it was thought that Mr. O'BRIEN could mudlark with the best of them, he certainly did not justify that opinion, which, of course, is no imputation against his prowess as a cricketer. For the rest, no fault could be found with the choice of the Eleven, though BARNES may be more or less a case of *hesternæ rosæ*. Australia had, in Mr. WOODS, an adequate substitute for Mr. JONES. Probably Mr. WOODS would have played for England if he had not been claimed by the blameless Antipodeans. After waiting till three on the first day to give the ground a chance of recovering from the deluge, the Australians won the toss, and, of course, went in. The light was bad all day, but they had the best of what there was and the best of the difficult wicket. Unthinking spectators rejoiced over the rapid fall of Messrs. BANNERMAN, TROTT, and BONNOR. The judicious plainly saw that the Australian bowlers would be practically unplayable. Mr. McDONNELL played a good hitting innings for his 22, and Mr. BLACKHAM really showed cricket for the same score, while there was plenty of dash in Mr. WOODS'S 18. That GUNN and Mr. READ should miss catches was unlooked for, but *semel insanivimus omnes*, as PARTRIDGE would have remarked, and the missed men did little afterwards. Mr. GRACE'S catch at point, when he took Mr. BANNERMAN low down for a duck's egg, was a consolation. The sting of the Australian eleven was in the tail; the two last men, Messrs. EDWARDS and FERRIS, adding 35 before Mr. FERRIS was caught at the wicket off Mr. STEEL. 116, though flukily put together, was worth at least 300 on sound wickets. Our men went in in the worst of lights, a fog mixed with smoke. Mr. GRACE looked very like l.b.w. to the very first ball he received, but the umpire was not severe, and he "knows, he knows," as OMAR KHAYYAM remarks. A number of wickets were obscured by a number of manly legs during the innings, but the balls were twisting about so much, that nobody but LOHMANN was given out. He and ABEL and BARNES were all got out, and all had found their position at the wicket uncomfortable. Mr. GRACE did not add to his score of 10 next day, and but for PEEL and BRIGGS, who caused the only change of bowling, England would have been obliged to follow on. PEEL'S being run out was most unfortunate, and Mr. STEEL was stumped in a premature attempt to illustrate "the forcing game." The Australians had 63 runs in hand when they began their second innings. The fall of their first seven men for 18 showed once more that true cricket could not be expected on the wickets. Of Mr. FERRIS'S 20 we have already spoken. Fortune has a stroke in every match, and she favoured Mr. FERRIS. Mr. TURNER'S was a far better innings. It remains a curious fact that these two gentlemen were almost as useful with the bat as with the ball. Every man in the Australian team is a run-getter. Perhaps even his admirers can hardly say as much for the English wicket-keeper; indeed, it is curious that wicket-keepers, with the keen eyes they must possess, are so seldom good batsmen. LOCKYER was no DAFT; POOLEY was a useful hitter; perhaps Mr. ALFRED LYTTELTON is almost the only example of a first-rate wicket-keeper being a finished batsman.

The Australians mopped up 60, and an English eleven ought to be able to get 124 when so small a figure is needed. Yet those who saw the Players fail to get 78, on a far better wicket, entertained few hopes. While Mr. GRACE was in it was as while HAROLD still plied the axe at Senlac fight. There was a chance, Mr. GRACE hit manfully, and his was far the best innings of the match, though the ball seemed to beat him not infrequently. At last he failed to get hold of a pitched-up ball, and was easily caught for 24. "Then began a murder 'grim and great,' and the bowlers had everything their own way. The fog deepened and darkened. It is impossible to say how far Mr. O'BRIEN was from hitting hard. Mr. READ was of no avail. It seems as if Mr. STEEL should have gone in first with Mr. GRACE; for Mr. STEEL kept his wicket up, and, when joined by SHERWIN, made probably the biggest hit of the match—square, and into the crowd. GUNN played beautifully, with ease and grace;

but was bowled with an impossible ball. It shot, just grazed the off stump, and almost reached the Pavilion. So slight was the touch that GUNN seemed to doubt whether the ball had not been removed by some accident. Now we needed BARLOW to help Mr. STEEL; but BARLOW was far off that day. Every one will be sorry that Mr. STEEL could not command victory. He deserved it. The Australians were very warmly applauded by a truly cricketing gathering of spectators; and they entirely deserved their victory. Their fielding was a thing never to be forgotten, their bowling was ideally good, and their success—if a little disagreeable, at first, to patriots—will keep up the interest in Colonial cricket.

A tout seigneur, tout honneur. In our account of the University Match, Mr. GRESSON was said to have been caught while attempting a heterodox stroke. We are informed that this was not so; that he was merely playing a ball off his leg, in a legitimate, but unsuccessful, manner. Even cricketing critics "may err, and have erred."

SIR JOHN BRAND.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE for the COLONIES and three of his predecessors in office expressed in their places in the House of Lords the just regret which has been caused by the death of Sir JOHN BRAND, President of the Orange Free State. The sympathy of the QUEEN with the loss sustained by the Republic had been already communicated to the acting President. It will be difficult to supply his place. Sir JOHN BRAND originally belonged to the Cape Colony, where his father held a considerable post; and, though in later years he was the chief magistrate of an independent State, he was connected by many ties with England. As a member of the English Bar and as the holder of a titular dignity conferred by the Crown, he acted on the conviction that relations with the Imperial Government were not inconsistent with his local patriotism. Thirteen or fourteen years have passed since he was a party to the negotiations by which Lord CARNARVON attempted to establish a federal Union of the South African colonies and States. During the troubles which have occupied the interval he combined friendly feeling to England with loyalty to his own State and to its kindred neighbours. It is his great merit to have kept aloof from the quarrels and wars which have incessantly disturbed the peace of South Africa. If he had lived, he would have used his influence to establish a lasting peace, and, in any case, he would have avoided hostile collision. It is possible that his death may lead to the union of the Dutch Republics; and it is impossible to foresee the result of measures with which the English Government could scarcely interfere. There must be other politicians who hold the sound pacific doctrines which were represented by Sir JOHN BRAND. No attempt has been made to interrupt his tenure of office, which would almost certainly have been continued for life. His supporters must be supposed to have shared his opinions, and there seems to be no reason why they should now abandon his policy.

The death of a statesman who was uniformly well disposed to the English Government and people is at the present moment exceptionally inconvenient. The Lieutenant-Governor of Natal has expressed his confidence in the good faith of the Dutch Republics. Some of their subjects have, as he admits, joined the insurgent Zulus; but he believes the offenders to be mere adventurers over whom their Governments exercise no control. He adds the epithet "landless," which implies his knowledge that their object is the acquisition of settlements, which they would probably be equally willing to take from friends or enemies. It would not be the first time that DINIZULU has engaged allies by the offer of lands belonging to his own countrymen. There is no doubt that his rebellion will be rendered formidable if he has any considerable number of white men as auxiliaries. The interference of any of the Dutch States in the contest would be a still more serious matter. On all grounds it is in the highest degree important to strike a decisive blow without delay. Lord KNUTSFORD made the satisfactory statement that the absolute control of all operations was vested in the Commander-in-Chief. If it is true that DINIZULU has sent messengers to Sir ARTHUR HAVELOCK, it may be hoped that no efforts at negotiation will be allowed to suspend the military movements for a single day. A Government agent whose post was threatened by the rebels

has been relieved, and an English force of which the strength is not known has occupied Ekowe. According to one account, DINIZULU has only 2,000 men at Ceza; but it is possible that his army may be gathering elsewhere. Nothing is said of USIBEPU, who, notwithstanding his recent defeat, ought to be able to effect a diversion in favour of the English troops. It is not known whether the chiefs and tribes in the Reserve have sent contingents to join the English army. As usual the Zulus who occupy Natal appear to be peaceable and loyal.

The supply of reinforcements ought not to be stinted. The Imperial Government has already despatched a regiment from Egypt to the Cape, with instructions to call at Durban for orders. If its services are required, the regiment will disembark at once and march through Natal and Zululand to the scene of action. If necessary a part of the garrison of Cape Town might perhaps be spared, but the Government ought not to hesitate in sending reinforcements from any station. There is no reason to fear that Lord KNUTSFORD or his colleagues will copy the disgraceful precedent of throwing down the warder on the eve of battle. The bloodshed and anarchy which have been caused by the surrender at Majuba will have convinced the most bigoted peacemongers of the risk of yielding to sentimental caprice. The Zulus are as well able as the Boers of the Transvaal to appreciate the weakness and cowardice of an enemy. It is a waste of time to inquire into the dynastic claims of DINIZULU or into the merits of his feud with USIBEPU. Mr. COLENSO is thoroughly consistent in retaining the devotion to the cause of Zulu legitimacy which has been exhibited by the members of his family. He has perhaps reason in his conviction that CETEWAYO was unjustly treated, though the conviction that his former subjects are loyally attached to the cause of his family is probably a mistake or an exaggeration. It would now be impossible to transfer the support of the Imperial Government to the Usutu Pretender. When CETEWAYO lost his kingdom and his life in a contest with USIBEPU, he was engaged in rebellion against the Government which had restored him to a portion of his kingdom. The part of Zululand which had been the scene of the struggle among the native tribes is now a part of the QUEEN'S dominions, and it has been threatened or invaded by DINIZULU. His enemy USIBEPU may have originally held his possessions by a questionable title, but he has been recognized by the Imperial Government, and he has therefore an indisputable claim to protection. If the policy of South Africa were to be regulated by regard to the greatest happiness of the greatest number, the establishment of English supremacy would be the most advantageous arrangement for the natives. If the annexation had been effected and proclaimed some years earlier, much suffering would have been prevented.

A curious report appears in the papers of a discussion in the Legislature of the "Africander Republic" which apparently means the Transvaal, now called the South African Republic, on the use of the English language in official or legal proceedings. Almost all the speakers expressed a patriotic repugnance to the use of a language which they affect to regard as foreign, and some of them especially protested against the request of certain English litigants to be allowed to conduct their case in the only language which they understood. As usual the Boer representatives exhibited the strongest ill-will to their English neighbours, and some of them asked why the English language should be preferred to Caffre dialects. The most important inference which could be drawn from the discussion was that the use of the English language is rapidly increasing, and that no official or legislative obstruction would interfere with a natural process. If the gold and diamond fields continue to be productive, the great majority of the population which will be attracted to the mineral fields will be English in origin and language, and they will have almost a monopoly of communication with the outer world. It is not surprising that the Boers should regard with irritation and alarm the possible disappearance of the language which is indispensable to their separate national existence. They will scarcely retard the process by compelling strangers to defend themselves in courts of justice through the agency of an interpreter. It is highly improbable that when two or three generations hence half the civilized world speaks English, even Dutch tenacity will be able to maintain a separate language in the remote region of South Africa. The Boers have, as they incessantly and justly boast, obtained their independence by victory over the Government to which they were once subject; but language

follows its own laws. In the United States, German and Dutch, Norwegian, Swedish, and Welsh maintain themselves for a time without any external interference, but the children of immigrants adopt the national tongue, probably in many cases to the annoyance and disappointment of their elders. The African Dutch, perhaps, at present form the majority of the white population, but they will probably be outnumbered by the strangers who already occupy the principal departments of industry, with the exception of agriculture. If, on the other hand, the Dutch language prevails, it will require no legislative protection. Sir JOHN BRAND's contemporaries at the Cape probably never troubled themselves with the risk of a suppression of the Dutch language. Indeed, ethnological politics are of recent date, though they have of late years exercised influence in different parts of the world. The Panslavists of Russia are as patriotic as the Afrianders, and they have a better chance of success. Even England is not exempt from the inconvenience of provincial disaffection founded on difference of language. As the native languages of South Africa die out with the advance of civilization, their place will be taken, not by Dutch, but by English. Almost all the tribes already prefer the rule of the Imperial Government to the authority of the independent Republics or of the Colonial Governments. If the present Zulu rebellion is effectually suppressed, the general respect for the paramount Power will be increased and confirmed.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

THE Naval Manœuvres may now be considered as having begun, and for some time to come there will be plenty of reading about them in the papers. How far it will be instructive is another question. As yet the newspaper Correspondents have maintained silence as to the proposed movements, and whether their discretion is voluntary or compulsory it is equally commendable. Perhaps as the operations go on it will be found that they never do have much to tell, since every reason which makes for secrecy at present will be equally valid till all is over. It may also not be wholly useless to the candid reader to remind him that the handling of ships is a difficult art, which the casual outsider who happens to be looking on is not always qualified to understand. Also let it not be forgotten that the fun of what is called by schoolboys "stuffing" or "cramming" a landsman is irresistible to the naval mind. Letters from the squadrons may not improbably be found to contain—in addition to the usual accounts of the Correspondent's fortunes at bed and board—much which had its origin in the imagination of the festive midshipman and the humours of the elderly lieutenant. Some of the newspaper gentlemen must be noble subjects for practical jokes. It must be very pleasing to have the chance of instructing an open-minded landsman who is surprised to find that a crew of coastguardsmen know their places on board ship and can be trusted to send down a topgallant mast and yard—a manœuvre which is not thought too severe for the apprentices in a merchant clipper. After eight years' service at sea as a man, and previous training as a boy, it would not say much for the discipline on HER MAJESTY'S ships if the coastguardsmen could not do it.

When the Admiralty's own Report appears, it will perhaps explain what is supposed to be taught by the employment of some of the vessels engaged in these manœuvres. The practice of condemning ships as obsolete and of no use whatever because they are excelled by newer types is a somewhat slovenly one, but, though a ship may still be useful in various ways, she is not fit for all work. In these evolutionary squadrons some vessels are employed on service which they would never be set to do in real war. If Admiral BAIRD were steaming against a foreign squadron his flag would not be flying on the *Northumberland*, nor would Admiral ROWLEY be on board the *Agincourt*. These ships are aged, as ships go. Both were launched over twenty years ago, and are not, either in armour or armament, fitted to take their place in a modern line of battle. On a distant station, where only unprotected cruisers were likely to be met, they might do good service as harbour-ships or flag-ships to an officer whose duty was to direct a squadron of English cruisers on patrol work. As the flag-ships of a fighting fleet they are out of place, and their presence only serves to add an unnecessary element of unreality to the manœuvres. It would have been more businesslike to have been contented with smaller squadrons for practice, and to

have made them represent accurately what a naval force appointed to defend the coast and keep the Channel clear would really be in war. The difficulty of settling the real force of modern battle-ships is great enough in itself. Vessels are named as belonging to the same class which differ as widely as a three-decker and a 64-gun two-decker of the old fleet. In the squadrons on the Irish coast the flag-ships are the *Hercules* and the *Rodney*, both nominally ironclads of the first class. But the *Hercules* is a vessel with 9-inch armour and 18-ton guns, while the *Rodney* has 18-inch armour and 67-ton guns. It is obviously only by a figure of speech that these ships can be said to be of equivalent power. In the second class the discrepancies are equally great. The *Invincible* and the *Hero* are both on the same list; yet the first has 8-inch armour and 12-ton guns, while the second has 12-inch armour and 45-ton guns. Looking to the strength of her armour and the weight of her ordnance, the *Hero* looks much more nearly a match for the *Rodney* than the *Hercules* would be. This confusion is, doubtless, inevitable under the conditions of modern shipbuilding, and is not peculiar to our navy. It exists equally in the French, which has the further variety that eight of its eighteen second-class ironclads are built of wood—an acknowledged source of weakness in a modern battle-ship. But uncertainty as to the value of vessels is not very much the less an evil because it is general; and the present manœuvres may be usefully employed to reduce it. Careful attention to the performances of the very various craft (we are speaking of the line-of-battle only) employed on similar work in the different squadrons might result in the selection of some one type as preferable for general purposes to any other. As long as new explosives and fresh means of attack continue to be invented it is impossible to feel sure that we can be wholly satisfied with any particular model; but it does appear possible that we are getting to the end of the period of very violent change, and may again be able to construct a homogeneous fleet.

POINT DE ZÈLE.

EXCEPT the Reverend Canon DOUGLASS, of the Roman Catholic Church at Nottingham, there is nobody who has much reason to congratulate himself upon the result of the action in which the Canon was plaintiff. The people who have up to the present come off worst are the unfortunate ratepayers of Nottingham. But they are not unlikely, as we shall see, to have their revenge before very long. Meanwhile Canon DOUGLASS, though he has most effectually cleared his character, and removed all legal or quasi-legal obstacles to the performance of his duty, has some reason to complain. This priest, who was formerly a lawyer, claimed, and made his claim good, to be the testamentary guardian of PLEASANCE BRINNILOY, whose father, ANTHONY BRINNILOY, an Italian organ-grinder, died last year. It need hardly be said that there was no estate, and that to impute any mercenary motive to Mr. DOUGLASS would have been the height of absurdity. BRINNILOY came to him, saying that he was a Roman Catholic, that he felt himself near his end, and that he wished to find a guardian who would bring up his younger children in his own faith. Mr. DOUGLASS at once offered to be guardian if it was only a question of religion. He would, he said, have nothing whatever to do with property. The Canon's prudence is creditable to him. But there was no cause for alarm. Mr. DOUGLASS was out of pocket by the transaction, and he can have been guided by no other motive than benevolence, supplemented, no doubt, by devotion to the Church which he serves. BRINNILOY had eight children, of whom some are grown up and have become Protestants, one even joining the Salvation Army, which is not a fate to be desired for any child. The plaintiff found himself in possession of two little BRINNILOYS, a boy, and the girl about whom all this litigation has arisen. She was first put into a Roman Catholic institution, from which the defendant, her sister, Mrs. PINDER, succeeded in enticing or abstracting her, and then there was an application for a *habeas corpus*, and now she has been handed over to the Canon in accordance with the will. It will be a mercy if she has any religion at all when the struggles for her custody are over. Nottingham, as the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE observed, seems to be a place where there is a good deal of religious feeling, and, consequently, though not of course as a legitimate consequence,

a good deal of religious hatred. If Mr. DOUGLASS had been a Protestant, he would have been generally considered to have done a very kind thing, though he might have been sneered at as an unpractical philanthropist. To Salvationists and such like he is simply a marauding enemy of the faith, with a diseased appetite for the consumption of souls *au naturel*.

The Corporation of Nottingham cannot be exclusively composed of impracticable fanatics, incapable of reasoning on any subject connected with theology. Yet it seems that, while Mrs. PINDER was the nominal defendant in this suit, the Corporation of Nottingham have been paying the piper; and Sir HENRY JAMES is not a piper who can be induced to pipe for nothing. The proceedings were rather complicated. The Queen's Bench Division was first asked for a writ of *habeas corpus*; and then the Divisional Court directed a trial, before a special jury, of the question whether BRINILOV's will was valid. It was impeached on the grounds of fraud and undue influence, as well as because the testator did not understand the effect of the will. The personal charges against Mr. DOUGLASS were preposterous, and should never have been brought. Still they were made; they must greatly have increased the costs; and they were made at the expense of the ratepayers. "Whether the ratepayers will acquiesce in this," said Lord COLERIDGE, "I do not know." We should imagine not. Boroughs are blessed with Auditors, as well as with Mayors and Town Councils. Auditors represent the interests of the ratepayers, and are independent of the municipal authorities. If the members of the Council are not surcharged with the expenses of their foolish action, in which they had no earthly concern, we shall be much surprised. A Corporation, as we know, has neither a body nor a soul. But it has a purse—or at least the burgesses who compose it have purses—and the strings of those purses may be forcibly relaxed. Even if Canon DOUGLASS were guilty of all the iniquities so heedlessly attributed to him, and fraudulently obtained the valuable privilege of bringing up two pauper children at his own expense, the interest of the Corporation of Nottingham in the matter would seem to be remote. But there was in this instance no ground for interference of any sort or kind, and any lawyer might have told the Corporation that the will was a perfectly good one. The mother of the children was dead, and the father had a perfect right to appoint any guardian he pleased. He may not have been a very fervid Roman Catholic. But he was one, and when he was in difficulties he went to a priest of his own Church. He was an ignorant man, and the priest made his will for him in language at once legally accurate and practically intelligible. There was no element of suspicion in the case, and why the ratepayers should be taxed for a piece of stupid bigotry with which they had nothing to do it is not easy to say.

THE ARMADA TERCENTENARY.

NATIONS have every right to commemorate any heroic passage in their history without troubling their heads about politics. The notion of celebrating the defeat of the Spanish Armada under the make-believe that religious differences had no concern in the quarrel was pre-eminently a foolish one; but it was foolish, not only because it was impracticable, but because it was unnecessary. Most of those who have encouraged it have been in the habit of stultifying themselves by frequent reference to the fact that the British fleet was commanded by a Catholic admiral. This, however, is a reason, not for ignoring the fact that the struggle was one between the respective champions of Protestantism and Catholicism in the sixteenth century, but for assuming with confidence that the patriotism which caused Lord HOWARD, of Effingham, and thousands of other brave men and good citizens of the Elizabethan era to sink the Catholic in the Englishman survives in the breasts of their descendants of to-day. Those staunch and trusty sons of their island mother knew well enough, moreover—and the Roman Catholic of to-day can strengthen his patriotism, if it needs strengthening, by reflecting—that, though the great battle of three hundred years ago was the decision of a religious feud, it was not that only, but a good deal more. It was just as much a trial of strength to determine the possession of a world empire as were our great Indian and American victories over the French two centuries later. And although, as we set out by saying, we must admit the right of nations to celebrate the great deeds of their

ancestors, apart altogether from their political provocations and results, we confess to preferring a commemoration of something which *had* political results—some events of which we can at least say, with as near an approach to certainty as can ever belong to any such proposition, that, had it fallen out otherwise, the whole subsequent history of our country would have been other than it was. One main reason for not sympathizing with the French rejoicings which are to take place next year is that the capture of the Bastille was a singularly poor thing in exploits; but, even if it had been a much more considerable feat than the carrying of an unprepared and ill-defended fortress and the butchery of a wretched handful of a garrison by a drunken mob, we should still object to it on the ground that it decided nothing, and that the course of the "holy Revolution" might again and again have been arrested, diverted, or even turned backwards, by very slight modifications of subsequent conditions.

We need hardly say, however, that the great victory of 1588 would have been eminently worthy of the celebration by Englishmen even if its political results had been much less momentous than they were. It has the threefold national claim of being a naval battle—a battle won against overwhelming odds, and, above all, a "sailor's"—in an analogous sense to that in which we speak of a "soldier's battle." It was a victory, not of tactical skill, of masterly naval dispositions—for which, indeed, there was not much room in the maritime warfare of those days—but, before everything, of smart seamanship. Our ships were as much better handled than the Don's as his were more powerful and heavily armed than they; and his discomfiture—barring, of course, the invaluable assistance of the weather—was largely due to the superior importance of human qualities in those days over elements of material strength. We are not ourselves among those who believe that this order of precedence will ever be entirely reversed; that the day will ever come when the better sailors and fighters will not be able to "give away something" to the men with the bigger ships and guns. But it is impossible to doubt that the advantage of the former has been largely reduced under the conditions of modern naval warfare, and that there is considerably less possibility in these days of balancing inferiorities of tonnage and armament by superiorities in the human machines. Moreover, it is a question whether the inanimate has not got generally beyond the complete control of the animated mechanism, however perfect, so as practically to efface the distinctions between one human machine and another. It is not encouraging, for instance, to read such a newspaper headline as "*Agincourt in Collision*" side by side with another introducing an account of the Armada celebration. "*Ark Royal in Collision*" would have been a much more improbable announcement of news in the days of ELIZABETH; but the old ship of war could have been run aground, and it kept water underneath it with considerably less difficulty, it would appear, than the modern ironclad. It is impossible to say exactly how our modern iron monsters will behave in war; but we have still a right to the too much neglected topic of consolation that "it is the same for both sides," and that it is not at all clear that, if one belligerent blundered, the other would be in a position to take advantage of the mishap.

THE LICENSE AND LAWLESSNESS LEAGUE.

THE dismissal by Mr. VAUGHAN at Bow Street on Wednesday of the ridiculous charges brought against three policemen by ANTONIO BORGIA is not the least satisfactory because it was from the first inevitable. The obscure Italian who figured as nominal prosecutor had probably very little to do with the prosecution, which was initiated by those "dull demagogues" so admirably described by Mr. WHITMORE in the House of Commons. Last autumn the organized attacks upon the police, who were doing their duty by keeping Trafalgar Square open to the general public, threatened serious danger to the lives and property of peaceable citizens. A deliberate and a most wicked attempt was made in a quarter which shall be nameless to bring about a conflict between the soldiers and the mob in the heart of London. This iniquitous enterprise was foiled by the courage, readiness, and resource of Sir CHARLES WARREN. The riots of November were no laughing matter. But, for the present at all events—we hope for ever—the Trafalgar

Square agitation has subsided into a purely ridiculous stage. It is to be presumed that even the empty-headed idlers who loaf about the Square on Saturday afternoons do not require to be enlightened in respect of their duties as Englishmen by ANTONIO BORGIA. This person chose to mount upon a balustrade, and to begin making a speech about a supposed assault upon a woman which is not proved to have taken place at all. He was very properly removed by the police, who used such force as was necessary for the purpose, and no more. As Mr. VAUGHAN somewhat superfluously reminded the prosecutor, it has been decided by a competent tribunal, composed of Mr. Justice WILLS and Mr. Justice GRANTHAM, that the legal position of Trafalgar Square is regulated by statute, and that no body of persons have a right to meet there for any object whatsoever. We do not for one moment suggest that either Mr. Justice GRANTHAM or any other judge would approach the consideration of such a question with the slightest bias or prejudice. But even Mr. CUNINGHAME GRAHAM can hardly be so ignorant as to believe that Mr. Justice WILLS has an inveterate hostility to popular liberty. The decision was, of course, a purely legal one, and absolutely binds Mr. VAUGHAN, as well as every other magistrate in London. As a matter of fact, however, it vindicates the claim of the police, or the people, if the term be preferred, to the free use of the Square for ingress, egress, and progress at all times when they desire to pass upon their lawful occasions. It only interferes with the assemblage of loungers and busybodies, to the interruption of foot passengers, who have in law and in common sense a right not less, but greater, than the owners of carriages and the hirers of cabs.

The dullest of the dull demagogues to whom Mr. WHITMORE referred was permitted to move the adjournment of the House of Commons on Monday afternoon for the purpose of "calling attention to a definite matter of urgent public importance—that is to say, the violent attacks made by the Metropolitan Police on peaceable and unoffending persons in Trafalgar Square on Saturday, the 30th of June, and Saturday, the 14th of July." No such attacks were made, as is now clear. The FIRST LORD of the TREASURY did not move the Closure a moment too soon, and it is a scandal to the House of Commons that the discussion should have taken place at all. As the SPEAKER did not intervene, we must assume that it was technically regular, and not covered by the ruling which he had given a few minutes before in the case of Mr. PARNELL. If the Irish members wished to alienate any sympathy which may be felt for them in this country they could not have done better than rise as they did to support Mr. CONYBEARE's preposterous demand. On Mr. CONYBEARE himself it would be useless to waste words. His speeches are, for obvious reasons, severely curtailed by judicious editors. But if one of them could, by way of example, be transcribed and published verbatim, it would be seen that his utterances have no meaning except what is kindly inserted in them by experienced reporters. His title to occupy the time of Parliament at the busiest period of a busy Session seems to be that, according to the evidence for the defence at Bow Street, he assaulted a policeman in Trafalgar Square on the 30th June. Dr. CLARK and Mr. HUNTER, it should be said, spoke in a very different tone from Mr. CONYBEARE'S. They made statements about the alleged misconduct of one or two constables which might with perfect propriety have been made at a police-station or in the witness-box of a police-court. An educated man ought to know that it is perfectly useless, if nothing else, to bring allegations of this kind before the House of Commons, where they can neither be proved nor disproved. The short speech of the HOME SECRETARY was hardly required to demonstrate the absurdity of the debate. We have not hesitated to criticize the conduct of Mr. MATTHEWS when we thought him in the wrong. But he ought to receive universal support in putting down the preposterous exhibitions of tumultuous folly which are made every Saturday in Trafalgar Square. Nobody with a head on his shoulders supposes that the right of public meeting is involved. If gentlemen in search of an opportunity of gratuitous self-advertisement may give a "conversazione" in Trafalgar Square, they may give a tea-party in Piccadilly, and call upon "the tyrant CHARLES III." to beware of not stopping the traffic till their cups are empty, lest a time should come. The time has, indeed, come for abating a vulgar nuisance in a very summary way.

THE MODEST ASSURANCE OF SIR EDWARD WATKIN.

IT is impossible to help admiring Sir EDWARD WATKIN. For years past he has been pursuing a project which has been again and again decisively rejected by Parliament, which is absolutely scouted by a vast majority of the nation, and which no small proportion of them regard as involving the pertinacious promoters in something like the guilt of treachery to the highest interests of their country. For a certain number of the years aforesaid, Sir EDWARD WATKIN has been deliberately defying the authority of Parliament by the continued prosecution of works which the Legislature has virtually, if not in terms, prohibited; and during the whole of this period he has never shown the slightest intention to bow to the decision of the country as constitutionally pronounced. And, with all this record of individual defiance on one side and of national tolerance on the other, Sir EDWARD WATKIN has seized on an opportunity of advertising the fact that he considers himself an injured man. The gist of the five letters which he has fired off one after the other at the unhappy Mr. SMITH—and to each of which the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY has replied with a patience which the reader finds it difficult to emulate—is that he, Sir EDWARD WATKIN, has been unwarrantably deceived by the Government, and cruelly assailed by one of its members. Mr. SMITH promised him certain things with reference to the action of the Government on the second reading of the Channel Tunnel Bill, and failed to perform them. Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH made a "venomous attack" upon him. The consequence of which was that Sir EDWARD WATKIN fought the Bill at a disadvantage on its second reading, and "many votes were lost to our great cause."

There is no need for us to analyse the entire correspondence. It resulted—as, of course, anybody acquainted with one of the parties to it would have expected—in an agreement to differ. Mr. SMITH failed, after repeated efforts, to convince Sir EDWARD WATKIN, or at any rate failed to make him admit, that he had been fairly dealt with, and at last gave up the task in despair. Those who are informed of what Sir EDWARD's contention is will not need much convincing in the matter. He maintains that Mr. SMITH promised him to allow the Channel Tunnel to remain an "open question"—in the sense, that is to say, of a question on which a Government invites its followers to vote as they please; and that whereas the Government tellers were to tell against the Bill (why, if it were an open question, Sir EDWARD does not say), Mr. SMITH further undertook to remove the unfavourable influence which might be thus exercised on the division by "speaking to the Whips," and "telling them it was an open question." It is needless to say that the last extraordinary promise is absolutely denied by Mr. SMITH and Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, and it is almost equally needless to say that the "open question" theory was founded on nothing more than an admission by the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY that he could not "compel" any Ministerialist who had promised his vote to Sir EDWARD WATKIN to vote the other way. In our own opinion the time has now arrived for making the question a party one—seeing that Mr. GLADSTONE has done his best to force it into that position; but the Government, no doubt, thought that they were justified in waiting till the leader of the Opposition had so declared himself. In the meantime the sense in which the question was left "open" by the Government is perfectly simple and obvious. It means nothing more nor less than what was meant by Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH when he invited the House not to treat the question as a party one, which was only another way of hinting that patriotism ought to unite men of all parties against the scheme. And so we are convinced it will, both in Parliament and outside it. Nor, we venture to think, would it be possible for any one possessing less than the modest assurance of Sir EDWARD WATKIN to persuade himself that the "great cause" is making any progress whatever among the English people.

THE CASE OF JACKSON.

THE condemnation of JACKSON was a matter of course, when once he was caught—and the sentence of death passed on him calls for no comment. It was his escape, and not his crime, which attracted attention to him. If he had been captured in the act of trying to get out of Strangeways

prison, or even brought back next day, five lines of very small type would have been his share of the news columns. That he should have succeeded in keeping out for three weeks was what aroused interest in him. He had afforded the public an opportunity for the blame which it loves to alternate with laudation of the police, and the public was grateful. It sang the stupidity of the force in chorus in the usual fashion, just as it sings its heroism whenever a little mob is brought to order. As JACKSON was a member of the criminal classes and already known to them, the police had a better chance of discovering him than they often have; but there would have been no real ground for surprise if he had got clean off, when once he had contrived to get out of prison. It is really not so easy to pick out one particularly ordinary looking person from a crowd of two hundred and fifty thousand other ordinary looking persons. What would the critic of the police do if he were told to go to Bermondsey and find a thin young man of from twenty-five to thirty with darkish hair and a common form of nose, who, when he was last seen, three weeks ago, was wearing thin whiskers and had on a check suit of dittos? If JACKSON had spent his first haul of plunder in paying his way to London, or had even kept quiet where he was, he might very possibly have escaped for a much longer period. His love of music was the ruin of him. If he could have abstained from enjoying the applause he earned by singing sentimental songs with expression and pathos, he would have kept out of the way of old friends who recognized him, and were sure, sooner or later, to hand him over to the police. Happily for society criminals very seldom play their own game well or take full advantage of the cover afforded by a large city. Habit and preferences for persons or places are too powerful for them. They come back always to the same haunts and betray themselves.

The class of persons for whom the history of Mr. JACKSON is really most instructive are the opponents of capital punishment and of the use of the lash. They are so generally the same that it is unnecessary to distinguish between them. What would they do with a criminal of this stamp? When a man who is already in prison kills the warder, what punishment is to be inflicted on him short of death? The temptation is great; and, if the act entails no augmentation of punishment, the criminal will have hardly any motive for abstaining from it. Even when the murder would not give him a chance to escape, it would indulge the natural hatred of the prisoner for the gaoler. In a Report published some years ago on the Italian prisons an account was given of an ex-brigand who had probably deserved death twenty times over, but was sentenced, in the immoral and cowardly Italian fashion, to penal servitude for life. Within a couple of years or so he had relieved his feelings by the murder of three warders one after another. Such was the humanity of his countrymen, that they built a special concrete cell for him, with one small opening, and handed him in his rations at the end of an eight-foot pole, and left him alone to rot. Are we to come to that sort of thing in English gaols? If not, there must be some punishment greater than imprisonment for life. JACKSON gave likewise a proof of the efficiency of flogging as a punishment by the fear he showed of having to undergo it. Whether he did not know he had killed the warder, which is hardly credible, or was ignorant enough to think that the cat was an alternative to capital punishment, it seems certain that he was more afraid of the lash than of hanging. It is not to be supposed that all criminals are of that way of thinking, or that many of them would not prefer flogging to strangulation; but it is proved every day that the minor form of punishment has extraordinary terrors for the baser kind of offenders, and that of itself is justification enough for the use of it. If JACKSON causes these truths to dawn on the philanthropic mind, he will not, to use a phrase of startling novelty, have lived in vain.

IN THE POLICE-COURTS.

AMONG the savage sports of the East End are some wife-beatings and violent assaults upon women who are not wives that are not likely to thrive the less through the deterrent action of our tender-hearted magistrates. One case this week, heard before Mr. SAUNDERS, at the Thames Police-Court, we urgently commend to the attention of the HOME SECRETARY. JOHN MILLER was charged with assaulting his wife in Redthorn Street, Limehouse. The manner of his maltreatment was this:—he “threw an

egg at her, struck her a violent blow in the mouth, “knocked her down, and kicked her savagely.” The unfortunate woman—superfluously described as “the complainant”—is said, in the reports of the case, to “have been shockingly injured,” as might be imagined when it is added that she “appeared in Court with the teeth in her hand which the brute, her husband, had kicked out.” A more revolting example of savagery was never brought before a police magistrate, even at the Thames Court. The prisoner, we hear, “treated the matter with the greatest indifference,” and Mr. SAUNDERS was at small pains to rectify the callous attitude of JOHN MILLER. The indifference of this brute is not in the least surprising. What is, however, extremely surprising, and in the highest degree scandalous, is the indifference shown by Mr. SAUNDERS, who sentenced JOHN MILLER to two months’ hard labour. What is such a sentence to a ruffian of this sort? He could “do it on his head,” as the cant phrase goes, and wish for no better fortune when the time comes for the next kicking and maiming than to find himself before Mr. SAUNDERS. Flogging is the only form of punishment feared by cowardly brutes like MILLER. The “cat” has been proved to be the only punishment of any use in dealing with violent assaults, as in robbery with violence. The case of THOMAS ROBINSON, heard at Dalston, must be taken together with that of MILLER, if we are to profit by the moral of Mr. SAUNDERS’s disgraceful leniency. ROBINSON’s assault was not more shocking than MILLER’s. He knocked the woman down, kicked her, loosened her teeth, and in all respects conducted himself like MILLER. But he had not the surprising luck of the Limehouse brute. The woman he assaulted was not his wife; he stabbed her in the face with “some sharp instrument”; and he was not brought before Mr. SAUNDERS. And so it chanced that a few weeks’ hard labour were not for ROBINSON; he was very properly committed for trial, with the certainty, it may be hoped, that his sentence may include the sound flogging which alone may stir his dormant sensibility. The gross inconsistency of these police-court sentences calls for no further comment. It would be interesting to know, however, whether JOHN MILLER would have been “let off,” as he has been, if the woman he half-killed had not been his wife, or if he had added to his kicks one stab from a sharp instrument. Whatever view is taken, the monstrous iniquity of the moral suggested to wife-beaters and other brutes by Mr. SAUNDERS calls for the severest reprehension.

THE THEATRE IN OLD TIMES.

IN the year 500 B.C., when the first play of a dramatist called *Æschylus* was produced in Athens, a very serious accident happened, in which many people lost their lives. This occurred through the weight of the crowded audience breaking down the temporary wooden erection, which, up to that time, had been the only form of theatre yet invented. After this warning the Athenians wisely determined that no more accidents of that sort should happen, and accordingly they set to work to build the great Dionysiac theatre, of which extensive remains still exist, at the foot of the south-east side of the Acropolis—a structure which became the prototype of all other Hellenic and Græco-Roman theatres. On beginning the work an immense semicircular excavation was made in the side of the hill below the rock of the Acropolis, with a gently-sloping curve, which was finally lined with tiers of step-like marble seats. This auditorium, or *κοίλον*, as it was called, from its hollow form, was divided into wedge-like compartments by stairs leading from the lowest to the highest row of seats, and was again divided horizontally by two or more passages (*διδύματα*), so that, if necessary, spectators could easily pass from one block to another.

When enlarged and completed in 340 B.C. the Dionysiac Theatre at Athens must have held nearly thirty thousand spectators; but by means of this system of compartments, each with its own stairs, the whole building could be emptied rapidly and without confusion. The “orchestra” of the Greek theatre occupied the whole of what we should now call the pit; and, when the Dionysiac Theatre was excavated a few years ago, a series of lines, forming a sort of geometrical pattern, was found incised on the marble pavement, the use of which probably was to mark the positions of different members of the chorus and to assist the regularity of their rhythmic dance. The “green-room” in the Greek theatre was a large hall immediately behind the *scenæ*, in which there were three doors leading on to the stage, a narrow marble platform, such as was suitable for the very limited number of actors who ever appeared upon it. Below this stage was a vault-like chamber, from which infernal deities or ghosts

ascended on to the stage through a trap-door, approached by stairs called *Χαρόνιοι κλίμακες* or "Charon's steps." In the same vault the *σπορτήριον* was kept—an apparatus for imitating thunder by stones rolled in metal jars. The lowest row of seats, almost on the orchestra level, consisted of a series of massive marble thrones, each (at least in later times) inscribed with the name of the official who sat in it. Some of these at Athens, though not earlier than the period of Roman domination, are decorated with very graceful reliefs, especially the central throne in the place of honour, which was occupied by the High Priest of Dionysos, to whom the theatre was sacred, who sat between the Priest of Zeus and the Expounder of the Pythian Oracles. Other marble thrones of pure Hellenic workmanship still exist, owing to a curious succession of circumstances. After being made for, and used for many years in, a Greek theatre, some of these were carried away from Athens, with countless other pieces of sculpture, by the Roman conquerors, and were placed as the seats of honour in the amphitheatres of Rome, where they remained till the downfall of the Pagan religion. After "the Peace of the Church" in the reign of Constantine, many of these thrones were adapted for Christian purposes by being set in the apses of the new Basilicas to serve as the *cathedra* of the bishop or celebrant, and thus several of them have survived down to the present day. One of the finest is in the apse of St. Pietro in Vincoli, in Rome; it is a beautiful specimen of pure Hellenic work, not later than about 400 B.C., and may possibly have been one of the original thrones in the Dionysiac theatre at Athens. One fact about the Athenian theatre should always be remembered in reading the dramas of the great tragedians, and that is its magnificent position, open to the "divine ether and the swift-winged breezes," exposed to the "all-seeing orb of the sun," and commanding a glorious view of Mount Hymettus, the blue waters of the *Ægean*, and the islands of Salamis and *Ægina*, together with many of the chief temples of the Athenian gods. All this would give vividness and force to the dramatists' impassioned appeals to the glories of nature, and their constant allusions to the protective presence of the divine patrons of Attica. In many cases the Greeks appear to have selected the site for a theatre with special reference to its commanding a noble prospect. No one who has ever visited the eastern shores of Sicily can forget the view from the auditorium of the theatre at Taormina (*Taormenium*), one of the most magnificent views in the world, with, in the foreground the rich flower- and olive-clad hills on which the town stands, beyond, the sparkling blue of the Mediterranean, and in the distance the noble snow-capped peak of Mount *Etna*, seen sharp and clear through the brilliant purity of the Sicilian air.

One curious detail in the Greek theatre was the system, which Vitruvius describes, of arranging large bronze vases in niches round the upper part of the auditorium, in order to improve the acoustic properties of the building, by, as it were, catching and repeating the reverberation of the actor's voice. Vitruvius, who gives directions for tuning these vases in a chromatic scale, remarks that they are not used in Roman theatres, and indeed it is difficult to believe that they can have been of any real use. During the middle ages, and especially in England, these remarks of Vitruvius led to a very absurd thing being done in many of the great cathedral and abbey churches. Rows of earthenware pots were placed, quite out of sight and acoustic range, under the floor of the choir stalls—as, for example, may still be seen at Fountains—a quite useless procedure, about which many wild theories have been invented, to account for what was simply the result of a mistranslation of the somewhat obscure Latin of Vitruvius. In some of the fourteenth-century Swedish churches the same thing has been done, but in a somewhat more reasonable way. Rows of pots, with their mouths opening downwards, are built into the barrel vault over the choir, a device which seems to be derived from two quite distinct classical sources—one being Vitruvius's acoustic reason, and the other the late Roman custom of making concrete vaults light by imbedding in them a number of large amphore.

Owing to the severity of their Republican simplicity the Romans were somewhat late in adapting the theatre of the Greeks, chiefly, it appears, on the ground that it savoured of Greek effeminacy for the spectators to wish to sit down during a dramatic performance. Thus when C. Cassius Longinus, in 154 B.C., began to build the first permanent theatre in Rome, the stern Republican Scipio Nasica induced the Senate to order its demolition—"tanquam inutile et nociturum publicis moribus." Even as late as 55 B.C., when Pompey built the theatre, of which remains still exist in Rome, he thought it wise to erect a shrine to Venus Victrix at the top of the auditorium or caven, so that, by a sort of pious fiction, the stone seats might be regarded as a great flight of steps leading up to the temple of the goddess. This theatre, which held no less than forty thousand people, is spoken of by Vitruvius as "the stone theatre" *par excellence*, a name which recalls "The Theatre," built in 1576-7 by the actor James Burbage, so called because it was then the only theatre in England built specially for dramatic purposes. In their adaptation of the Hellenic theatre the Romans made several important alterations in its structure, and still more in its use.

The Greeks appear always to have selected a hill-side as the only possible site for a theatre, so that the tiers of seats could rest on the solid ground, a system which caused an immense saving of trouble and material. The Romans, on the other hand, with their characteristic disregard for human labour, selected the level plain of the Campus Martius for their first theatres, and so had to

build lofty walls of masonry and great series of concrete vaults, in order to support the whole semicircular range of seats. Another alteration was the enlargement of the stage (*pulpitum*), and the removal of the chorus from the level floor of the orchestra, which in Rome was used more like the pit or stalls of a modern theatre, and was reserved for senators, vestal virgins, and officials of high rank, both sacred and secular.

Again, the theatres of Rome were not reserved for the pure intellectual pleasures of the drama, but were often used for the bloody scenes of slaughter, from which the brutal Romans derived far keener enjoyment. For example, at the inauguration of Pompey's theatre, in 52 B.C., 500 lions and 20 elephants were killed by gladiators. How many of the gladiators perished is not recorded; they were so much cheaper to import than wild beasts from Africa that it was scarcely worth while to record their number. It was not, however, long before some ingenious architect discovered that, by building two theatres together and omitting the stage an amphitheatre could be made in which butchery on a much larger scale could be enjoyed, and with less risk to the spectators. Pliny gives a wonderful and almost incredible account of the first amphitheatre, which, he says, consisted of two separate wooden theatres, made to revolve on pivots, so that after the Roman audience had been bored all the morning by the sight of a play, they might be refreshed in the afternoon by the torrents of blood in an amphitheatre, formed by wheeling the two theatres together, the stages, of course, having been previously removed.

In England, during the middle ages, though no theatres were built, yet some forms of dramatic entertainment were extremely popular, and were carried on with great splendour of dresses and other properties. In the fifteenth century almost every one of the great guilds or sacred fraternities acted some sort of miracle play, usually chosen with reference to the patron saint of the guild. Inventories of the theatrical properties of some of these guilds still exist, and in some cases the list includes the most gorgeous silk and gold damasks, and magnificent damascened armour, altogether worth (in modern money) some thousands of pounds. The story of St. George rescuing the Princess from the dragon was a very favourite subject; the Princess being clad in the richest dress adorned with real jewelry of great value, and St. George wearing very costly and elaborate armour. The dragon was an immense monster made of leather (*cuir bouilli*), large enough to contain seven or eight men, who worked the various parts of its body. At York, when this semi-religious pageant was forbidden by order of Queen Elizabeth, almost a riot was caused among the townspeople, so that finally a special Order of Council gave permission for the dragon to be represented for the popular amusement, provided the sacred character of St. George was suppressed; and this appears to have appeased the citizens, who probably found the dragon better fun than the Saint. A very similar incident happened at Coventry, where dramatic properties of a very large value were possessed by the chief guild.

As we have already mentioned, the first English theatre was that erected by James Burbage in 1576-7: it stood in Holywell Lane, Shoreditch, till it was pulled down in 1598. One point is worthy of notice about the first London theatres, such as "The Theatre," the Globe, the Fortune, and the Swan—namely, that though these were all specially built for dramatic purposes, yet in general design they were simply copies of one of the old galleried inn-courts, such as the still existing "Bell Inn" at Gloucester and "The Falcon" at Cambridge.

Unlike Italy, where a classical model was copied even in the earliest theatres, in England this, as it were, accidental plan was used, owing to the old habit of acting plays on a temporary stage in the middle of the courtyard of an inn. The galleries all round formed "boxes" for the chief spectators, while the poorer part of the audience stood in the open court below, on all sides of the central platform—an arrangement which must have been very picturesque and graceful, especially when fine tapestry was hung over the balustrades of the pillared galleries, but, from the absence of a roof, very inconvenient in any but fine weather. In the first theatres specially designed for the drama the only alteration seems to have been that the stage was moved from the middle to one end of the open space, so that it could communicate directly with a "green-room," or "tiring-house," as it was called, behind. On the upper floors there was no interruption to the galleries, which extended all over the green-room, behind the stage. Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, in his *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, has printed an interesting specification and contract for the building of the Fortune Theatre, dated 1599. In all its details it is specified to be like the Globe Theatre, which had been erected in the previous year, but was to be square, not octagonal, in plan, and to have stronger wooden framing. The walls were to be of wood and plaster, the roof tiled, with lead gutters, the stage of oak, with a "shadow" or canopy over it to keep the rain from the actors, though not from the humble spectators in the "pit," which still remained unroofed. Another new provision for the actors' comfort was that the "tiring-house" was to have glazed windows. The surrounding galleries were to be divided into separate boxes, of which one tier went by the name of "the gentlemen's rooms," while the other was known as "the two-pennie rooms," from the price charged for admission. After the death of Queen Elizabeth the old simplicity of dramatic arrangement soon passed away, and large sums were spent in the production of startling scenic effects and magnificent stage scenery, very much, as it seems, to the pre-

judice of the best interests of the dramatic art, even then. Thus, when Ben Jonson and the architect Inigo Jones worked together in the production of some "masques" in Charles I.'s reign, the dramatist was not unnaturally disgusted to find that quite as much credit was given to Inigo for his gorgeous scenery as he himself got for his witty writing. In one of the satires on Inigo Jones with which Ben Jonson relieved his wounded pride, this line occurs—"Painting and carpentry are the soul of masque," a remark which surely might be made with even greater force in these modern times, when the general bustle and splendour of a scene so often drown all those delicate touches in expression or voice which the real lover of the drama cares for much more than for any costly magnificence in "properties" or mechanical ingenuity of effect.

THOSE WICKED REPORTERS.

IT is fortunate that the newspaper reporter has, or at least is popularly supposed to have, a thick skin; for he is certainly the chief scapegoat of our day. Perhaps there are some of us who would not greatly grieve if he could be sent out into the wilderness and got rid of once for all; but this unkind wish regards him from another point of view. For the present purpose he is to be considered, not as a public nuisance (which, it is to be feared, he often is), but as a public servant who is wickedly abused by those he serves. Observe, for instance, Mr. Parnell's haste to assure the public that that unlucky little sentence about the sheep and the butchers was not his, or at least did not (of course owing to the wicked reporter) properly express his meaning. No doubt it was a very unlucky little sentence. "See the butcher when it comes home to him!" cried in our hearing a naughty person, advanced in years and crime, and obviously forgetting the impropriety of, as Mr. Gladstone says (who never does it, and only went on to do it on this occasion), discussing matters that are *sub judice*. But Mr. Parnell's correction of what he was reported to say into what the wicked reporters should have made him say is delightful. He intended to say, it seems, "Does the right hon. gentleman expect us, like sheep, to allow our jury to be nominated by the butchers?" The improvement in adroitness of reference is not great, for still those awkward reminiscences of certain amputating knives will come in. But how comes it that Mr. Parnell—a very astute person, and, if not an exhilarating, a very clear-minded speaker—came by his own account to talk sheer rubbish? When did a sheep allow its butchers to "nominate a jury," and what harm would it do to the sheep if it did? Small blame to the reporters surely if they tried to put a little at least apparent meaning into nonsense. And yet the poor things are blamed for doing this to good Mr. Parnell, the constant victim of Saxon brutality!

Then, too, there have been Homeric battles over the prostrate body of the reporter between the Duke of Argyll and Sir George Trevelyan—men if not literally both of them of great stature, yet figuratively so. First Sir George takes the Duke to task for something he has said. Then the Duke retorts that he did not say it; was not even reported to have said it. Then Sir George rejoins that he has been wrongly reported; but still the Duke did say it. And then a third person interjects an adunc nose into the matter, and points out that Sir George, at any rate, ought not to say anything about misreporting, inasmuch as, in the course of his own letter, he has misquoted the very report he relies on. Into the kernel of the dispute between the Duke and the Wallah (alas! *Wallah quantum mutatus!*) we need not enter at very great length, though it is a very funny one, and shows that Sir George is either imperfectly acquainted with or unduly disdainful of the classical figure called *litotes* or *meiosis*. In a delicate parallel between St. Paul and certain members of the Parnell-Gladstone party, the Duke had admitted that the conversion of Saul was attended by an exhibition of light, and that perhaps the other conversion might have been similarly attended. But, he suggested, "the localities from which the light came were not exactly identical." Sir George Trevelyan translates this, in the latter case, "came straight from Hell," adding, it seems, a proviso that the Duke "did not use these actual words" (though the wicked reporter dropped the caution), and also a beautiful sentence about the "polished and elegant phrases in which the odious imputation was couched." And then Sir George went on, with inverted commas and all things handsome, to accuse the Duke of having referred to Heaven and "another locality." This brought up a certain Mr. Hayes Robinson—a man, we fear, not of a nice or kind disposition—who pointed out this little error of Sir George's. It does not, of course, affect the argument; but it will, we trust, remind Sir George that even persons who change their minds about six times in six weeks on the Irish Question are human, and may err as well as the poor but honest reporter, who, for the most part, has no opinions at all.

But the most astonishing exercise of *reportage* in the present week, though we have not noticed any complaint of it, is surely to be found in the latest of those agreeable discourses with which Mr. Gladstone relieves the tedium of private dinners. (The rewards of the just are not always in this world; but at least a man of proper political views is not exposed to having three columns talked at him in the *molliora tempora* of private diges-

tion.) Perhaps the reporters had dined too; perhaps they determined, if possible, to put a stop to this new terror of modern life; but it is certain that they have ascribed to Mr. Gladstone many things which Mr. Gladstone cannot possibly have said. For Mr. Gladstone is an accurate man, a person of strict veracity, one on whose utterances not even the shadow of a double meaning ever rests. And thus Mr. Gladstone must have been misreported in the terms of his reference to "a body of gentlemen," otherwise called "the Nationalist representatives of Ireland." He may, indeed, have spoken of their "singular forbearance," for it has been forbearance of a very singular kind indeed. But the fortunate irony of the adjective singular does not attach to the subsequent statement that "they have refrained from any inconvenient urging of the claims of their own country." That must be a reporter's mistake. The reporter, no doubt, is not to be blamed for Mr. Gladstone's praises of the North country (he was speaking to North-countrymen, and Mr. Gladstone always recognizes the duty of passing compliments to his hearers), or for the repetition of Mr. Gladstone's curious Rule of False in political arithmetic about the Isle of Thanet, for we have heard that before. The talk of 73,000 and 74,000, and 110 and 22 and six per cent. is as constant in Mr. Gladstone's mouth as that of "par and premium, and three-quarters and seven-eighths" in the society of Dickens's stockjobbers. But Mr. Gladstone can never have said that it is "the old, the constitutional practice" for the House of Commons to examine by Select Committee such charges against its members as are now made against Mr. Parnell. There has been—and Mr. Gladstone knows it—not a single precedent of the kind urged; every instance, and especially that which has been foolishly produced as to Mr. Butt in 1854 having been, having had reference to the conduct of members of Parliament as members of Parliament. Mr. Gladstone, we say, knows this—*ergo*, it must be the reporter, and not he who denies it; indeed, even the reporter has let Mr. Gladstone in a later sentence put in "charge affecting his Parliamentary competency." The charges against Mr. Parnell do not affect, at least directly, his Parliamentary competency at all. They—if they are true—do not prove him unfit to sit, but unfit to live.

But "He makes always of his, this reporter," as the unhappy Frenchman of letters remarked of the corrector of the press. Shortly afterwards he makes Mr. Gladstone speak of Mr. Parnell as "not supposed to be over rich in worldly goods." Ah! and how about that little testimonial, that little forty thousand pounds? How can that forty thousand pounds be better expended, even if it were not sure to be recouped by the rest of the housemaids who did not subscribe before, or the same again, than in vindicating the character of the great Irish nation and its Chosen? Mr. Gladstone, who knows that English politicians have usually preferred to expend such testimonials on public objects, can never have said anything of this sort about Mr. Parnell, who, moreover, if he is an innocent man, can appear before the Commission without a penny of expense to himself, or have the skilled assistance of Mr. Healy and Mr. Harrington at a very moderate figure. But yet, again, Mr. Gladstone pronounces it dangerous and absurd to set up a special tribunal to examine the conduct of persons not members of Parliament. Pray where did *this* old constitutional doctrine come from?

And most of all must this unconscionable official have perverted the truth when he put in Mr. Gladstone's mouth words about the Mandeville case. Here it is exactly, for the exact words are very important:—"We have had in the papers of to-day, in the case of Mr. Mandeville, as far as it has gone, one of the most shocking, one of the most revolting (hear, hear) of all the cases presented to us. I will not dwell upon it, as it is still the subject of judicial investigation, further than to observe that evidence has been given by the wife of the deceased man, who was cross-examined, of course, on behalf of the Crown—everywhere endeavouring to rebut these statements—and so cross-examined without the production of the slightest effect in weakening her evidence." Of course any one can see that there must be some mistake here. Mr. Gladstone says that he will not dwell upon a case which is under investigation; and then he goes and tells the jury who are conducting that investigation that a certain witness has been cross-examined "without the slightest effect in weakening her evidence." Now we do not say that Mr. Gladstone had no business to comment on the Mandeville inquest at all. As we had occasion to remark not long ago in reference to some words of Lord Coleridge's, there is a vast amount of quite ridiculous and senseless prudery in this theory of *sub judice*. But it stands to reason that a man like Mr. Gladstone would not say in one breath that he would not dwell on a matter under investigation, and in the next or the rest of the same breath deliver a judgment simply prejudging the whole of an important part of the case. This, of course, is impossible, and it must be the reporter's fault. Whether Sir Wilfrid Lawson in the exercise of his well-known hospitality put into that reporter's mouth too much of that which takes away the reason; whether the eloquence of Mr. Gladstone was so overpowering that it created a soul of intoxication within the ribs even of a totally abstinent shorthand-writer, we cannot presume to say. After Sir George Trevelyan's unlucky failure in accuracy, so unmercifully detected and exposed by Mr. Hayes Robinson, it may perhaps be thought that the genial Aristotelian caution, "accuracy must not be expected," is to be extended universally and without exception to reports. In that case, perhaps, it would be well to have none; but,

then, what would become of the reporters? On that question we enter not, but only say, in not quite original words, "Don't read us the reports of Mr. Gladstone's speeches, for they *must* be false."

MOSLEM MATRIMONY.

THE recent discussion as to the morality of Moslems was carried on for the most part by people absolutely ignorant of the subject; so ignorant, indeed, that it was difficult, if not impossible, to reply to arguments which had literally no bearing on the matter supposed to be in hand. Loose assertions made by people who have never been in the East, or, at any rate, who have never been behind the scenes in the East, really come to very little, even when they are employed to back up an erroneous opinion. A few facts will topple over the best edifice that can be constructed with such statements. In all the principal Oriental cities and towns there is a divorce and matrimonial law court; and its offices are constantly employed. As you pass the door of the court in even a small town you will see numerous women standing by the door, or squatting along the wall, waiting for their turn. The chief business to be done is the assignment of alimony; the divorce is a matter entirely for the option of the parties themselves, or rather for that of the husband, who has but to say the word and the thing is done. But then the bill has to be paid, and this alone acts as a check on divorce. Money brought by the wife has to be returned, and children have to be provided for; yet men are pointed out in every part of Egypt—to confine ourselves to one country—who have been married literally dozens of times. It is customary, whether widowed or divorced, to marry again, the husband immediately or within a few weeks, and the wife after about a hundred days. Contrary to the received doctrine, women in the East have, where veils are worn, so much more liberty than women in Europe, and are so willing to take every advantage of it, that, no doubt, many divorces are well deserved; on the other hand, as Lane remarks, the law presses very heavily on well-behaved wives; it is, he says, "the source of more uneasiness to many wives than all the other troubles to which they are exposed; as they may thereby be reduced to a state of great destitution." A recent case precisely illustrates Lane's remark.

In a town in Lower Egypt an English Government official had in his employment a man whom we may call Hassan the son of Mahmoud. He was not a very useful person, but the Englishman kept him on, as he pleaded that he had a family to support. This was perfectly true; but his employer did not know that his large family consisted of the children of the women he had married and divorced. He had many sons, but his sons had many mothers; and Hassan ibn Mahmoud was repeatedly summoned to the Cadi's Court for alimony and other payments due to his former wives, all of them, of course, married again. At length the man's conduct became so bad in respect to a certain woman, named Salma, that she petitioned the English Pasha. What Cadi and Governor had failed to do might, she thought, be accomplished by an Englishman; and those who talk of our speedy evacuation of Egypt will take note of it, that, though the English are not loved, they are universally respected and trusted; the French and Italians "get on" better with the natives, but no native woman would think of appealing to one of them in such a delicate case. The lady's tale, as told to the professional interpreter and written out for the Pasha, is somewhat as follows:—"I have been married to Hassan the son of Mahmoud, by whom I was divorced, after I have had a male child, who, while sucking, merely three bazaar piastres were allowed me daily by his father as retribution for the maintenance of the child. Constrained to marry anew, owing to my being charged with the elevation of the child, penniless and helpless, I asked Hassan several times to allow me little more . . . but, alas! he absolutely refused, and so obstinately, that my application to the Cadi and the police for redress was, to my prejudice, and astonishment of reasonable people, preferably met with unsuccess. Being thus destitute and indignant, I, encouraged by your impartiality and humanity, humbly entreat your justice for legal satisfaction." There are some irrelevant statements in the same style, and Salma, before signing her name, vows that she "shall ever remember your Excellency's favour by anticipation with gratitude and fervent wishes for your long days and prosperity."

This petition was presented in person. The lady, with a friend, attended in the Pasha's office and told her melancholy tale, taking care as she did so to let the Englishman see her singularly ill-favoured face, the better, as she supposed, to interest him on her behalf. He adjourned the hearing till the next day in order to make inquiries. On the following morning the same interpreting friend accompanied the lady to the office, so at least the official supposed; but when she began afresh the recital of her woes, and again, as he thought, purposely lifted her *bourkaa*, behold, it was another and still more ill-favoured lady, who claimed to be the very first of Hassan the son of Mahmoud's many wives, and poured forth a narrative in which, not the husband only, but Salma received considerable vituperation. Desperately puzzled, the unhappy official applied to the Cadi's Court for some statement of the case. A Coptic clerk, who had more than a smattering of English, replied on behalf of the Cadi, and we may quote some of his remarks.

Nafeeseh, the first wife of Hassan the son of Mahmoud, "with

a child over six years of age, has a claim for only two months at sixty piastres, and then has to give up the child to his father . . . He has given a guarantee to pay in a day or two . . . Salma, the second wife, with a child under four years, to whom the Shaik of Islam has allowed some time ago forty-five piastres per month for the maintenance (after the free divorce), which she receives regularly from the trustees, now claims double the sum, which the Court, or any Court, cannot allow, and interfere than the first decree passed by the law and Code of Muselmene." The magistrate and the Cadi persuaded Hassan eventually to offer the woman "ten parra" more, which she refused, and this put their worships "in bad humours, and told her she must get more than the law of Muselmene allows for a child of under four years age, and distinctly told her she can go and proceed her cause to any justice she may find. . . . If your late husband dismiss from the service you will get no better of it." The clerk goes on to inform his Excellency of the real character of the woman, doing so by desire of the magistrate, "which he did not explain to you this morning, being many person near him at the time of your good audience." It seemed, for once, that the much-wronging Hassan had himself been wronged; for the lady had gone on the pilgrimage to Mecca, and, having been nearly a year away, had produced a child soon after her return, which was, no doubt, very reprehensible on her part. But against this fault she alleged that, when Hassan the son of Mahmoud had himself gone on pilgrimage, he had specially selected a wife among the female pilgrims, merely for the journey, and had repudiated her immediately on returning. This, of course, the Court held to be nothing at all, a common or inevitable accident of pilgrimage, and, in fact, rather commendable than otherwise. There was nothing for our English Pasha to do but to summon Hassan ibn Mahmoud before him, and warn him solemnly that the next time his matrimonial affairs became so complicated owing to his now well-known propensities, dismissal would be his inevitable portion; and there, so far as the case of Salma and Nafeeseh goes, the incident terminated.

No doubt the conduct of Hassan is not admired by his Moslem acquaintance; but only because he marries much and pays little. Had he, like thousands of other husbands in the same country, been able to discharge the debts he had accumulated, by a systematic course of "marrying early, and marrying often," nobody would have been a bit the wiser, and nobody would have thought of censure. His proceedings, except in the one particular, were absolutely legal, and his wives have not by Moslem law, by "the Code of Muselmene," the shadow of a grievance against him. His conduct is the conduct of the whole nation. The honourable exception made by the present Khedive is a standing wonder and a reproach to the great majority of his subjects. It is not often that records of the kind quoted above are available; but the work of the Cadi in regulating matrimonial affairs goes on incessantly, without the European world having much chance of knowing about it. The matrimonial law in force in a Moslem country legalizes not only polygamy but polyandry, or something worse; and foolish people, who perhaps have spent a few weeks in the East, and have surveyed Egypt from the upper deck of a Cook's excursion steamer, know nothing about the real life of even the few Mohammedans they meet.

THE LICK OBSERVATORY.

AT last the Lick Observatory, of which every one has heard so much, and which has been so many years in progress, is complete. The instruments are mounted, a staff of astronomers has been appointed, and on the 1st of last month the institution was formally transferred, in accordance with the trust deed, to the Regents of the University of California. Professor E. S. Holden, formerly of the United States Naval Observatory, Washington, and later of the Washburn Observatory, Wisconsin, is the director. He superintends the work of five astronomers, among whom are Mr. S. W. Burnham, the greatest living observer of double stars, and Mr. E. E. Barnard, so well known for his numerous discoveries of comets.

James Lick was born in Pennsylvania in 1796. By trade an organ and pianoforte maker, he carried on business at various places in the United States, and at Buenos Ayres, settling finally at San Francisco in 1847. He was especially successful in his land investments, and when he died, in 1876, he left an estate of some 3,000,000 dollars. Professor Holden, in his *Handbook to the Observatory*, to which we are indebted for these particulars, mentions that at one time it had been Mr. Lick's intention to perpetuate his name by the erection of a gigantic pyramid of marble on the shores of the Bay of San Francisco. He was only deterred from this by the fear that it might, in case of war, perish under a possible bombardment. Fortunately for science he was by some means led to select a far more worthy monument. The Observatory is the founder's tomb, for in 1887 his remains were re-interred beneath the pier of the great equatorial. It was in 1874 that Lick placed the sum of 700,000 dollars in the hands of trustees for the purpose of purchasing land and erecting upon it "a powerful telescope, superior to and more powerful than any telescope yet made, with all the machinery appertaining thereto." The preparations for carrying out the terms of the gift were hindered by disagreements between Mr. Lick and the trustees, which led to the resignation of two successive boards; legal complications also arose after Mr. Lick's death

in 1876, so that no progress was made with the Observatory itself till 1879.

Sites for observatories have scarcely ever been chosen from purely astronomical considerations, and unfavourable atmospheric conditions have hitherto interfered with the work of large telescopes. Atmospheric tremors, almost imperceptible with small instruments, are greatly increased with large apertures, seriously reducing their theoretical efficiency, so that the selection of a suitable site for the new institution was a matter of primary importance. In his first deed of trust Mr. Lick had designated a site upon his own land near Lake Tahoe, California; but this being abandoned on account of the severity of the winters, various peaks further south were visited, among which was Mount Hamilton, about sixty miles south-east of San Francisco, and 4,200 feet above the sea level. This site was actually selected by Mr. Lick in 1875. The results of previous investigations as to the suitability of elevated regions for astronomical observations had been somewhat contradictory. The intense glare of the sky near the sun interferes with many solar observations, so that for these a lofty observing station is obviously an advantage; but for stellar work it is the unsteadiness of the air rather than its thickness that is detrimental. The brightness of stars in the zenith would not be increased by much more than a tenth of a magnitude, even if the thickness of the atmosphere were reduced by one-half. Practical observers know that a night in which the air is still, even if a slight haze is present, is preferable for astronomical work to one of the most brilliant clearness if the air is not steady. Professor Holden considers that the secret of the excellent definition on Mount Hamilton lies in the coast fogs which roll in every evening during the summer, and by checking radiation from the heated ground maintain the uniform temperature which is essential to perfect vision. Fortunately these fogs seldom reach the summit of the Observatory peak. In the daytime, and during the winter, the fogs are not present, and the vision is then found to be no better than at lower elevations. In 1879 Mr. Burnham, at the request of the Trustees, visited the site to test its suitability by making astronomical observations from the summit. He observed with a 6-inch telescope, from August to October. Rightly considering double stars as the most suitable test objects, he mostly confined himself to these observations, and found that he could measure successfully closer and more unequal pairs than could be reached with a similar aperture under less favourable conditions. He also, while he was upon Mount Hamilton, discovered no less than 42 new double stars; but as these were mostly in a part of the heavens which the more northerly latitude of his Observatory at Chicago had not permitted him previously to examine, their discovery was perhaps not so satisfactory a test for the atmosphere as the observation of well-known objects. Mr. Burnham's report was most favourable; for, out of 60 nights, 42 were "first-class," 7 were "medium," and 11 "cloudy and foggy"; a condition of things that may well excite the envy of English observers. In other parts of America, also, the meteorological conditions are very different, for in a whole year at Washington as few as 38 very good nights have been recorded. At this time the peak destined for the site of the Observatory was a complete wilderness, its slopes covered with scrub oak, without even a trail. A few cattle ranches occupied the surrounding valleys, the nearest house being eleven miles distant. But, the site once decided upon, the preparations proceeded rapidly. An Act of Congress in 1876 had granted the site, and a purchase of 149 acres was made by Mr. Lick to control the access; a further addition, made by the owner of the adjoining cattle ranch, secured the Observatory against future buildings in its vicinity, while a good road to the summit was constructed by the local authorities. To secure a sufficient space for the Observatory buildings the summit was levelled—a work which occupied a whole year, and involved the removal of 72,000 tons of solid rock. Water springs were found a few hundred feet below the level of the summit, and reservoirs were erected on neighbouring peaks.

It was decided, after consultation with several eminent astronomers, that the great telescope should be a refractor. In order to comply with the terms of the trust deed, that it should be "more powerful than any telescope in existence" it was necessary that the diameter of its object-glass should exceed 30 inches, which was the size of the instrument just made by Alvan Clark for the Observatory at Pulkowa. It was determined that the object-glass of the Lick telescope should be no less than 36 inches in diameter. Professor Newcomb paid a visit to Europe to investigate the matter of procuring discs of glass for the purpose, and his report gives an interesting account of the process of manufacture. The great difficulty is to produce glass of homogeneous texture throughout, and the difficulty is of course enormously increased when the size is very great. A much larger mass of glass is cast than will be required, and after a month's annealing, the surface is broken away and the interior examined. This is always found crossed by veins of unequal density, produced by irregular cooling; these must be carefully cut out, when the mass is re-heated, pressed together, and again annealed. As these processes have frequently to be repeated several times, the expense and delay in producing large discs are necessarily very great. The disc for the crown glass (convex) lens of the Lick object-glass was not produced till 1885, after no less than nineteen failures; the glass for the flint (concave) lens having been cast three years earlier. After all these operations the laborious work of grinding and polishing begins. A second crown disc for photography (for which a different curvature is

required) broke while being worked by Alvan Clark, and was replaced by a new one in 1887.

It is impossible without the aid of diagrams to give any adequate idea of the gigantic equatorial telescope in which the 36-inch object-glass is mounted. The tube, which is nearly cylindrical, is 57 feet long and 4 feet in diameter at the centre, and the entire height from the centre of motion to the base of the iron pier is nearly 38 feet. Mechanism is provided by means of which an observer standing at the eyepiece can give slow motion or clamp the telescope, as well as read the circles, or stop the clock movement with which the equatorial is, of course, furnished. Other operations are carried on by an assistant on the balcony below the axes. The great refractor is provided with smaller "finding" telescopes of 6, 4, and 3 inches in diameter. When the micrometer is removed from the eye end of the telescope, two steel bars can be inserted in its bearings, forming a revolving frame, to which spectroscopes, photometers, or enlarging cameras can be attached. The great object-glass can be readily removed, and the photographic objective, which is 33 inches in diameter, quickly substituted, thus converting the instrument into an immense camera. The dome to contain the telescope is 75 feet in diameter, and its moving parts weigh nearly 89 tons, yet its mechanism is so perfect that it can be turned entirely round in nine minutes by a water-engine exercising a pull of less than 200 lbs. The observing slit in the dome is 9½ feet wide. The floor of the dome is constructed, according to an ingenious plan of Sir Howard Grubb, to move up and down, so that an observer is always on the level of the eyepiece in all positions of the telescope. With regard to the power of this instrument we may observe that, since the amount of light collected increases in proportion to the area of the object-glass, a star viewed with an aperture of 36 inches will appear more than 30,000 times brighter than with the naked eye. Again, with an object-glass of large aperture, eyepieces of great magnifying power can be used, so that, with an objective of 36 inches, eyepieces magnifying 1,000 or 1,500 may be advantageously employed; with these, as Professor Holden says, "the moon will appear under the same circumstances as if it were viewed with the naked eye, say at a distance of 200 miles." These statements, of course, leave out of account the atmospheric disturbances, the loss of light in passing through the lenses, and their necessary imperfections. Besides the 36-inch equatorial there is another of 12 inches, a third of 6½, and a "comet-seeker" of 4 inches. The 12-inch telescope is an especially fine one, and can be mounted by the side of the 36-inch equatorial when the latter is employed for photography of faint objects. The two telescopes being then pointed to the same object, and kept moving in exactly the same manner by an electrically-controlled clock, the observer at the smaller telescope can see that the instruments are accurately pointed during the whole time of exposure.

Although the Observatory is not primarily intended for meridian observations, it is supplied with a very fine meridian circle of 6½ inches in aperture, by Repsold of Hamburg, and with a 4-inch transit and zenith telescope. There are also spectroscopes, chronographs, clocks, and other minor instruments. Meteorological instruments are also provided, and a complete set of seismological apparatus for the registration of earthquake movements. From these California is not wholly free, as there have been at San Francisco three destructive shocks and four exceptionally heavy earthquakes within a hundred years, as well as many smaller shocks. The Observatory buildings are of brick, made from clay found a short distance below the summit. At the south end of the building is the dome for the great equatorial, and at the north end the 25-foot dome for the 12-inch equatorial. These domes are connected by a hall of 121 feet in length, along the west side of which are a series of study and work rooms. When the needs of the Observatory require it, a second row of rooms can be built along the other side of the hall. To the north-east is a detached house, containing the meridian circle and transit instrument, and a smaller building for the photographic laboratory. A little below, on the same side, is the dwelling-house for the astronomers; and on a ridge connecting the summit with a neighbouring peak are cottages for workmen, and other necessary buildings. San José, the nearest town, is 13 miles to the west of the Observatory; but, to diminish the steepness of the ascent, the road winds over double the distance. Other mountains of nearly the same height surround the Observatory Peak. The scenery is very wild and rugged, and from the roof is an extensive view, from the sea to the west, 87 miles distant, to the range of the Sierras on the east, 130 miles away. Unusual facilities are accorded to visitors, who are admitted every day, and are even allowed at certain hours on one evening in the week to look through the great telescope.

A word more as to the work which this fine institution can undertake; for we may be certain that Professor Holden and his staff of astronomers will not permit it to remain merely a splendid monument, to gratify the pride of Californians, but will turn it to the best practical account for the benefit of science. For photography, which is undoubtedly destined to be the future method of astronomical research, the great telescope is especially fitted, as it is six times more powerful than that which has produced such excellent results in the hands of the brothers Henry at Paris. It may now be possible for the first time to take photographs of the planets which will show the smaller details of their surface, for which hitherto we have had to depend upon eye drawings. Sun-spots may also be photographed

on a scale that will show their minuter details. Lunar photography, in particular, has made no material advances since Rutherford took his beautiful photographs more than twenty years ago; but, since the *unmagnified* image of the moon in the Lick photographic objective is 5 inches, we may now successfully photograph portions of the moon on a far larger scale than formerly, so as in time to set at rest the long-debated question of changes on the lunar surface. For photographs of faint objects, as comets and nebulae, the great light-gathering power of the telescope should make it superior to almost any instrument at present in use. It is unfortunate that the solar eclipse of next January will not be visible from that part of California in which the Observatory is situated, so that we shall lose the chance of photographing the corona on a scale never before hoped for.

There is one subject connected with the institution which is a matter of regret—the expenses connected with the building and instruments have been so great that less than 150,000 dollars remain from the original bequest. The interest of this sum will not produce half the amount required for the salaries of assistants and the maintenance of the Observatory, so we must hope that its income may be supplemented by the munificence of future donors, that its usefulness may not be curtailed by want of funds.

A WHISTLING PRIMA DONNA.

MRS. ALICE SHAW, who, as *La Siffleuse*, brings with her a new art from that land of novelties, the United States, has the merit of great courage in facing a new world by no means favourable to whistling of any kind. It is true that the tendencies of the time are the allies of most innovations, especially when the innovators are "undowered daughters" who display a true dash of independence. If some should say that whistling for a livelihood is what a large section of the community does already, and that to whistle "for want of thought" is what a listless majority has always indulged in, it is none the less a fine art though it has never attained to the enviable popularity even of the banjo, the triangle, or the big drum. Indeed, this ideal whistler combines the strength of the opera singer with the sweetness of the nightingale, and achieves a mastery in diminishing such as was displayed by the Estudiantina Figaro at a famous garden party last year. Many people in London have been asked out to hear Mrs. Shaw, regarding the whole thing as a joke, and have come away in simple wonder at the unlooked-for display of her powers. They have found her a sound musician and a subtle mistress of her particular art. They have found that, through her special medium, she could fill Covent Garden with ecstatic trills or sink into the softest whispered notes the execution of which only years of rehearsal could achieve. It may be difficult to conceive a whistling prima donna; but the fact is that whistling as a fine art is worthy of attentive study. The vocal chords, which act as vibrating reeds, form, in conjunction with the mouth as a *resonateur* or hollow reverberating sphere, the only musical apparatus that can boast perfection; and it is certain that this instrument, so sweet and effective in expressing emotion through the voice in speech and singing, can be made equally so when its sounds are made to issue at the self-adjusting lips. Those who have once heard Mrs. Alice Shaw cannot fail to realize that, if whistling were cultivated as a fine art by those who, in addition to musical endowment, have strength of vocal chord, a high-roofed palate, and a flexible buccal aperture, they might be trained to take part in a concert, as of many clarionets, with an effect more thrilling than the most exquisite instrumental music has ever conjured up, and which, from its novelty alone, would be more surprising than any concert hitherto heard, whether instrumental or vocal.

THE PALENCIA DON QUIXOTE.

IF it did not make any great stir in literary circles when it was reported that a copy of the First Part of *Don Quixote*, with corrections in the handwriting of Cervantes, had been discovered at Palencia, the reason was, no doubt, that it was regarded as a foregone conclusion that the so-called discovery must be, to put it plainly, all moonshine. The straightforwardness of Señor Ortego, the owner of the volume, soon removed any suspicion of that sort, however, for he seems to have afforded every facility for the examination of his treasure by scholars and critics; and, to test its claims still more thoroughly, he has printed its corrections in a volume, followed up by another containing the text corrected in accordance with them. Those, therefore, who feel any curiosity on the subject, or think the question worth serious discussion, can now satisfy themselves as to the pretensions and value of the discovery. It would have been more satisfactory, perhaps, if Señor Ortego had seen his way to giving a few facsimile specimens of the corrections, instead of contenting himself with a certificate from two or three gentlemen connected with the Education Department that they have compared them with a facsimile letter of Cervantes and are of opinion that they are in the same handwriting—an opinion the opposite, we believe, of that expressed by the literary men and experts who have examined the volume. But the case does not, after all, turn on so fallacious a

test as handwriting, for the corrections are in fact out of court before the inquiry reaches that stage. If it is a moral impossibility that Cervantes could have made them, it is idle to argue about their up-strokes and down-strokes.

The First Part of *Don Quixote* was published early in January 1605, but Robles, bookseller to his Majesty, to whom Cervantes sold the MS., had, it seems, so little confidence in its success that he did not care to be at the trouble and expense of securing the copyright in the kingdoms of Aragon and Portugal, and before the book had been out a month two Lisbon printers, Rodriguez and Crasbeeck, had pirated editions in the press. To checkmate them and protect himself, he had nothing for it then but to procure the privilege for Portugal and Aragon, and bring out a second edition as quickly as possible; and as the first had been by no means carefully printed, advantage was taken of the opportunity to correct a good many errors of the press, as well as some oversights of the printer or of the author that had been already noticed by critical readers. With these corrections, it is hardly necessary to say, Cervantes had nothing to do. He was at Valladolid, and Robles and La Cuesta, the printer, were at Madrid, and there was no time to be lost in sending back and forwards. Besides, no Spanish publisher in those days ever thought of consulting his author on an occasion of the kind. When an author sold a work, the understanding on both sides was that he divested himself of all right and interest in it, and it became the purchaser's to deal with as he liked, add, alter, or curtail. It was only after urgent entreaties and as a special favour, Lope tells us, that the dramatists were allowed to correct their own comedies before they appeared in print. Not that Cervantes, so far as we can see, would in any case have troubled himself much about his claim to a voice.

Señor Ortego's copy proves to be of this second edition. Now, if the MS. corrections in it were by Cervantes, we should expect to find them, sometimes at least, restoring the text as it stood in the first in cases where it had been blunderingly altered by the printer of the second. Here and there, no doubt, he might concur in an emendation. He might possibly, for instance, admit the propriety of making Don Quixote's rosary in Chapter XXVI. of oak-galls, instead of leaving it made out of the tail of the Don's shirt, as in the first edition; better lose his little joke than offend the weaker brethren. But that he should invariably accept and generally endorse the blunders and stupidities of a meddling printer is simply inconceivable. It will be easy, by one or two test-passages, to try the probability of Señor Ortego's hypothesis. The most careless and uncritical reader must see that there is something wrong in the conversation between Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the unlucky Alonso Lopez of Alcobendas in Chapter XIX. as it stands in the received text. When the broken-legged bachelor has been put up on his mule, Sancho tells him that his assailant is called Don Quixote, *alias* "Knight of the Rueful Countenance." On this, it is said, the bachelor took his departure, and Don Quixote asked Sancho why he called him "Knight of the Rueful Countenance." Sancho gives his droll explanation, Don Quixote replies, and then says abruptly:—"It's my opinion, Sancho, that I stand excommunicated for laying violent hands on a holy thing, *juxta illud: si quis suadente diabo, &c.*" excusing himself, however, and citing the case of the Cid's violence in the presence of the Pope; and when he has done we are told, "The bachelor, on hearing this, took his departure as has been said, without answering him a word." But he had already taken his departure before Don Quixote spoke to Sancho; and why should he answer him? It was to Sancho that Don Quixote was speaking. And why should Don Quixote accuse himself, only to prove that he was not guilty? The whole passage as it stands is a manifest muddle. But, if we turn to the first edition, it becomes clear enough. At the end of Don Quixote's reply to Sancho the first edition inserts:—"I was forgetting to say, remember you stand excommunicated for laying hands on a holy thing, *juxta illud: si quis suadente diabo, &c.*" "I don't understand that Latin," said Don Quixote, "but I know very well I did not lay hands, only this pike"; and proceeds with his excuse, after which comes, "The bachelor, on hearing this, took his departure, as has been said, without answering him a word." Here, with a trifling transposition of sentences, and the insertion of "saying," or some such word, before "I was forgetting to say," the confusion disappears, and the whole becomes coherent. It is impossible to mistake the intention of Cervantes. Just as the bachelor is riding away it occurs to him to fire the parting shot about excommunication; but Don Quixote promptly replies to his canon law with logic, reason, and historical precedent, and silences him. It was plainly an afterthought, inserted in the MS. after the conversation with Sancho, and the printer of the first edition printed it just as he found it, without observing that it was out of its place. But by the time the second edition was in the press the process of text-tinkering had already begun, and the emendator's happy thought was to amalgamate the bachelor's warning with Don Quixote's reply, and give the whole to Don Quixote, suppressing the words "I was forgetting to say, remember that you stand," as well as Don Quixote's remark about not understanding the Latin; and in this shape the passage has been always printed until Hartzensbusch restored it to that in which it stands, or was meant to stand, in the first edition—one of those services to the text that, in some degree, atone for his many offences in tampering with it. He, however, makes the mistake of supposing the words "I was forgetting to say" to be addressed by the author to the reader, and not by the bachelor to Don Quixote. Señor Ortego's corrector saw nothing to object to or alter in the passage as it stands in the second edition, except

the second reference to the bachelor's departure, through which he drew his pen. It is no very arrogant dogmatism to say that it was not the pen of Cervantes. A stroke or two from that pen would have restored sense and order.

Another muddle in the second edition that points to the same conclusion is that which the printer or editor has made of the disappearance of Sancho's "Dapple" in the Sierra Morena. In the first edition there is no hint of the ass having been stolen until the middle of Chapter XXV., when Sancho refers to "him who has saved us the trouble of stripping the pack saddle off Dapple"; but, as Cervantes himself says in the Second Part, there is not a word about the how or the when or who the thief was. When the book came out the omission was noticed, and in the second edition a passage was inserted at the beginning of Chapter XXIII. explaining how master and man, having that night reached the heart of the Sierra Morena, Gines de Pasamonte, the released galley-slave, came upon them while they slept and stole Dapple, and how Don Quixote in the morning made Sancho a promise of three ass-colts to compensate him. Of this it is to be observed, first of all, that it is misplaced. Cervantes clearly did not intend the ass to be stolen so soon, for in four places afterwards in this chapter and three in XXV. he refers to it pointedly. A few lines after the inserted paragraph Sancho is described as riding, "seated woman fashion, on his ass"; and, again, as following his master "on his ass, as usual," and wishing that his ass could speak; and so on. In the next place, it is manifest that the passage was not written by Cervantes. It does not seem to have struck any of the critics or commentators that to make Gines de Pasamonte steal the ass only to give it up again three days later is a silly, purposeless piece of invention that Cervantes could not have been the father of. He himself, moreover, gives an entirely different account of the affair when he refers to it in the Second Part, Chapters IV. and XXVII., and tells us distinctly what he intended. Gines de Pasamonte, he says, stole Dapple by the same trick that Brunello made use of, according to Boiardo and Ariosto, to steal Sacripante's horse at the siege of Albracca. Finding Sancho sitting asleep on his beast, he propped up the four corners of the pack-saddle with stakes, and led away the ass from under him. And, if we turn to the place where in the first edition the theft is first referred to, we can easily see how Cervantes came to think of it. Don Quixote had just compared Rocinante to "the famous Frontino," the name by which Sacripante's steed was afterwards known. Cervantes had in hand at the moment the burlesque of the penance of Amadis on the Peña Pobre. Nothing could be more natural than that the name of Frontino should suggest the idea of combining the burlesque of Amadis with a burlesque of Orlando—a romance he had by heart, and loved and laughed at no less than the Amadis—with Gines de Pasamonte for Brunello, Dapple for Frontino, and Sancho Panza for Sacripante. It is not one of his greatest strokes of humour, but there is drollery in the idea, and how much there may have been in the working out we cannot tell; he himself, it seems, liked the lamentation he put into Sancho's mouth. It was also thoroughly in harmony with the spirit and purpose of his book, and, at any rate, it was not a pointless, aimless incident like that inserted in the second edition. As the story would not fit in well at the place where the thought struck him, it was very likely written down on a loose leaf to be inserted higher up, and this may easily have been lost before the MS. came into Juan de la Cuesta's hands, or mislaid afterwards. The passage in Chapter XXX. describing the recovery of Dapple is probably by Cervantes; the style is certainly his, and it agrees with the version Sancho gives in the Second Part, and the reason of its omission in the first edition perhaps was that the printer, not perceiving that Dapple had been lost, could not see why he should be found, and so left it out. It may have supplied the editor of the second with the hint of Gines de Pasamonte, but in any case he was a very obvious thief, and in the same Chapter XXX. Don Quixote accuses him of having stolen his sword—an incident, perhaps, in imitation of Brunello's stealing Marisa's. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt about the passage in Chapter XXIII. Cervantes makes it clear by his own words in the Second Part that he had nothing to do with it, and was not even aware of its existence; knew, in fact, no more of the matter than that his readers blamed him for speaking of Dapple as stolen without saying who stole him. Had he, as some critics insist, sent it from Valladolid for the second edition, or even known that it was there, he would never have said that there was no explanation in the First Part as to when or how the theft was committed or who the thief was. His words, too, are a proof, if any proof be needed, that he did not correct the edition of 1608, as he is said to have done. He must in that case have been aware of this passage, for it necessitated two of the most notable corrections in that edition. But, in truth, it may be doubted that Cervantes ever saw, or, if he did, that he ever looked into, a printed copy of his own great book.

That he did not make the corrections in Señor Ortego's copy is not a matter of doubt at all. The corrections themselves are sufficiently eloquent witnesses. For instance, when Don Quixote found the saddle-pad and valise in his path he tried, we are told, to lift them with the point of his pike, "but they were so heavy that Sancho had to dismount to take them up." But the inserted passage represents him as already dismounted, so the acute corrector puts "stoop" in the place of "dismount"—as if Sancho was so abnormally long-armed that he could pick up light articles without stooping. Again, when Sancho wishes that animals could speak as they did in *Æsop's* time, because in that case he could have a talk with his

ass, the corrector substitutes "one" for "ass." If Señor Ortego really believes that Cervantes could have written this nonsense, nobody else will. More frequently, however, the corrector does not tax his ingenuity with the production of new readings, but contents himself with scoring out anything that does not square with the text of the second edition, thereby robbing Cervantes of some of his happiest touches. In this, to be sure, he is no worse than the corrector of the 1608 edition. Both of them strike out what is perhaps the most Hogarthian portrait of honest Sancho in the whole book, where the author puts him before us following his master into the Sierra Morena, seated sideways, woman-fashion, on his ass, emptying the wallet and packing his paunch, and tells us, what we can well believe, that so long as he could go that way he would not have given a farthing to meet with another adventure. The wiseacre who corrected the 1608 edition puts him on foot, and "loaded with all that Dapple used to carry," and would have us believe that was a way of going that Sancho enjoyed.

Even if Señor Ortego were less ingenuous than he is, the character and quality of the emendations would put the *bona fides* of his attempt beyond all question. They are far too commonplace and artless to be the work of a fabricator. There is no reason to doubt their genuineness, or, for that matter, that they may possibly be of the seventeenth century, and even of a date not very remote from the publication of the book. The notes of an intelligent annotator within a generation or two of Cervantes would be precious, not necessarily as authoritative on questions of text, but as possibly illustrative of obscure allusions, obsolete phrases, and the like. But unfortunately the former owner of Señor Ortego's volume was not one of this stamp. We have only noticed one instance in which his pen is of any practical service. In Cardenio's story Don Fernando is said in the original editions to have seen Lucinda at the window "ensayo," which later ones print "en sayo"; but to this Hartzensbusch objects in a learned note that in Cervantes' time the *sayo* was not a female garment. The old corrector, however, confirms the modern correction, showing that to his eyes there was nothing strange in a woman appearing in a *sayo*.

To many, no doubt, it will seem a work of supererogation to point out the improbability of Cervantes making text corrections in a copy of *Don Quixote*; but powder and shot are never thrown away in knocking a mare's-nest to pieces, and in literature, nowadays, as in medicine, there is no theory so silly or so paradoxical that it will not find supporters.

MEFISTOFELE.

THE performance of *Mefistofele* at Covent Garden on Tuesday, under the conduct of Signor Mancinelli, may be accounted something of a novelty in the present operatic season—if not altogether new to many of the audience—so infrequent have been the representations of Signor Boito's opera in London since its production by Mr. Mapleson, eight years ago, at Her Majesty's, with Signor Arditi as conductor. That occasion was made memorable, not only as revealing the genius of a new composer, but by the good fortune that attended the rendering of his striking and beautiful work. No combination of great singers, at that time or since, would be named as comparable with the quartet that comprised Mme. Nilsson and Mme. Trebelli, Signor Campanini and Signor Nannetti. Mme. Nilsson, unfortunately, has retired from the stage "for good," to use a phrase that has, in the circumstances, a touch of cruel irony to lovers of music. Her Mignon, her Ophelia, her two Margheritas, remain with us as memories of abiding and unalloyed delight. Since 1880 *Mefistofele* has been represented by a variety of singers with varying success. Mme. Albani and Mme. Durand may be named among those who have undertaken the two parts, usually combined, of Margherita and Elena. Mme. Tremelli, M. Mierzwiński, and Signor Marconi may also be recalled on account of their respective shares in interpreting the opera. With one exception, however, it is not possible to cite any successors to the original cast at Her Majesty's who have been altogether worthy of association with them in the rendering of *Mefistofele*. The *Mefistofele* of M. Edouard de Reszke merits this distinction, and was, indeed, by far the most notable feature of Tuesday's performance. All that is implied by this judgment can only be measured by those who remember the masterly execution of the part by Signor Nannetti, who "created" it at Milan, and whose subsequent failure to extend his success to other impersonations is one of the strangest facts in operatic annals. M. de Reszke succeeds admirably in all he undertakes, and it cannot be said that his powers have not been fully tested this season. On Tuesday he added to his triumphs by a singularly impressive rendering of Signor Boito's hero. Its excellence embraced the minutest details of the actor's art—the very exits and entrances were charged with curious significance—till again and again it would appear as if inspiration, in the primitive meaning of the word, were the soul-animating principle of M. de Reszke's marvellous study. The art that produces this effect is art indeed. Nor is it possible to overrate M. de Reszke's performance from the vocal point of view. The characteristic "Son lo spirito che nega" and the quaint "Ballata del Mondo" were sung in superb style. The parts of Margherita and Elena, usually assigned to one soprano, were filled by Miss Macintyre and Miss Ella Russell. Neither singer achieved the heaven of true interpretation. Miss Macintyre did fairly well in the Garden scene—in the duet with Faust, and in the wonderful

quartet of agitation and laughter, the magical effect of which baffles analysis; and in the lovely duet in the prison, "Lontano, lontano, lontano," which the composer transferred from an earlier opera, Miss Macintyre and Signor Ravelli left nothing to desire. The pathetic air, "L'altra notte in fondo al mare," with which the Prison scene opens, was marred not only by Miss Macintyre's over-acting, but by the singer's refusal to sing what the composer has written. If there were ever music filled full with anguish, with suppressed and intolerable sense of spiritual pain, it is the music of this supremely pathetic scene. Miss Macintyre's in-artistic method went far to ruin its impressiveness. If the performance of this promising young singer was somewhat injudicious, that of Miss Ella Russell calls for little notice. The splendid declamatory music of the Second Part of *Mefistofele* is totally unsuited to her voice and style. The Faust of Signor Ravelli was a capable rendering, on the whole, though an exception to its general excellence must be noted in the tenor's singing of the beautiful melody, adapted from Beethoven, "Dai campi, dai prati." By forcing the voice Signor Ravelli failed altogether to produce the effect of long-drawn, dying aspiration in the final phrase. As Marta, and afterwards as Pantalio, Mme. Scalchi was thoroughly efficient, and as much must be said of Signor Rinaldini's Wagner and Nerio. The chorus was much more satisfactory on the boards than in the Prologue. The noble music for double chorus has never yet been given so as to fulfil the intentions of the composer. *Mefistofele* will always be welcome to lovers of opera, not only as one of the grandest compositions for the stage in modern opera, but also as the fullest and most sympathetic musical setting of Goethe that exists. Music and libretto alike proclaim in most convincing terms that Signor Boito is a poet. Only those who know the history of his opera know how profound had been his study of the subject. The most fastidious of composers, he is the most deliberate of artists in giving his conceptions shape. The very title of his opera was an afterthought, determined by M. Gounod's episodic treatment of Goethe in *Faust et Marguerite*. In the same spirit and with like deliberation, Signor Boito has approached the subject of his new opera, which is expected next season at Milan, and may prove to be another *Mefistofele* in freshness and force of inspiration.

HARVEST PROSPECTS.

UNLESS there is an early improvement in the weather the difficulties of our farmers will be aggravated. The spring and early summer were exceptionally cold and dry, with the result that at the beginning of June the crops were all exceedingly backward, and most of them had suffered more or less damage. The wheat crop then promised best, for it is not injured by drought, but in almost every other case there was a great need of warmth and sunshine. In June there was abundance of wet; but, unfortunately, the temperature was very low, and there was an unusual absence of sunshine. July, as far as it has yet gone, has been even worse than June. For two days of this month the temperature has fallen lower than ever was recorded before in July; and indeed the warmth was not greater than that of an ordinary January day. Still, the condition of the crops is not so bad as might have been expected. The grass has greatly improved, and is now luxuriant. The root crops have also benefited immensely. Barley and oats have recovered much of the damage suffered earlier in the year, and even wheat, though it is very late, has still not suffered as much as might have been feared. Hay, where not cut, has likewise greatly improved; but where cut it has been difficult to save, and in many instances lies rotting on the ground. But we have arrived at a critical period of the year when dry warm weather is absolutely essential, and unless there is an early change it is greatly to be feared that the wheat crop more particularly will be irretrievably damaged. It can no longer be hoped that we shall have even an average crop, but dry forcing weather would now make up for much of the injury already done, and if during the period of reaping and garnering the weather were favourable, the crop would at least be got in in good condition. To the wheat-growers of the country, to their customers and creditors, the wheat harvest is, of course, of incalculable interest. But to the nation at large it is now unimportant compared with what it was a quarter of a century ago. For an entire generation the area under wheat has been growing smaller and smaller, until now the wheat production of this country is less than five per cent. of the whole wheat production of the world, and our own harvest yields to our own people less than half their supply of wheat. Wheat, then, is only a very small item in the total agriculture of the country, and, from the point of view of the consumers of wheat, it is of comparatively trifling value. Its influence, that is to say, in determining the price, is now but slight. From the point of view of the consumer it is more important to inquire what are the prospects abroad than what they are at home.

The reports from France are even more unfavourable than from the United Kingdom. There seems to be no doubt that the wheat crop is not only exceedingly late, but that it has suffered very severely from rust and other diseases, and that it has been laid to a considerable extent in many districts. Until harvest has been completed estimates, of course, are to be received

with distrust, but the general anticipation now is that the yield will be from 10 to 15 per cent. less than it was twelve months ago, and as the rye crop in France is also bad, the total home production of food will be considerably deficient. It will be recollected that rye enters largely into the consumption of the poorer classes. It may be hoped that the potato crop, which promises well, will counterbalance to some extent at least the deficiency of rye. But, even so, it seems to be established beyond doubt that the competition of France with ourselves in the markets of the world for wheat will be much keener than it has been for some years past. The general estimate is that our own crop will be as much below last year's crop as last year's crop was above the average of the ten preceding years; and, as the French crop is likewise deficient, there will be a strong demand both from the United Kingdom and from France for wheat. In Germany the wheat crop appears to be fairly promising. It is late; but the meteorological conditions appear to have resembled more those of Russia than those of France. The rye crop in Germany, however, is as deficient as in France, and rye enters very largely into the consumption of the poor in Germany. In Germany, as in France, an abundant yield of potatoes may make up for the deficiency in rye; but the probability seems to be, nevertheless, that there will be an increased demand for wheat in Germany likewise. At one time the wheat harvest in Hungary promised splendidly; but intense drought throughout May and the early part of June did irreparable damage, and it is now believed that the yield will be fully twenty per cent. less than it was last year. In Austria the yield is fair; but both in Austria and in Hungary the rye crop is bad. Taking, then, the United Kingdom, France, Germany, and Austria-Hungary, we find that the yield of wheat will be decidedly less than it was last year, and that also the rye crop is very much worse. England, France, and Germany, therefore, need more wheat, and Austria-Hungary will have a much smaller surplus to dispose of. In Roumania and the Balkan States, on the other hand, the wheat crop appears to be excellent, and the reports from Russia are very good. The Russian crop last year was better than had been reaped for many years, and the Russian exports since the harvest have consequently immensely increased. It is hoped that this year's crop will be little, if at all, smaller than last year's. If so, then the deficiency of the rest of Europe may be compensated for by the superabundance of the Russian crop. Nevertheless, taking the whole of Europe together, it seems clear that the yield will be smaller this year than it was last year. The best that can be said either for Russia, Roumania, or the Balkan States is that the crop promises to be as good as it was last year. In England, France, and Hungary it is decidedly inferior. The whole production of Europe, then, we come to the conclusion finally, is smaller than it was last year. In the United States the crop is decidedly short. According to the latest estimates of the Washington Agricultural Bureau, the winter wheat crop, which comprises nearly two-thirds of the entire wheat crop, will be only about three-quarters of a full average crop. The remaining one-third, or the spring wheat crop, promises, however, to be a full crop. The Indian crop appears to be somewhat better than the crop of recent years, and the Australian crop is a good average. Upon the whole, then, the prospect seems to be that the production of wheat all over the world this year will be less than it was last year.

It is singular that the price of wheat here at home and all over Europe has been so little affected by the bad weather of the past six weeks and the unfavourable reports from the United States. Here in England the price during the period has been about 8s. a quarter lower than the average of the preceding ten years. It would seem from the review of the crops we have just been taking that there ought to be a considerable rise. The production is smaller than it was twelve months ago. The population has increased in the meantime, and naturally, therefore, the demand ought to be greater. And it ought to be greater just now in particular, because the harvest all over Western Europe will undoubtedly be late. In other words, last year's harvest will have to feed the world's population for very nearly thirteen months, instead of for twelve months. The course of prices, however, depends largely, of course, upon the amount of old wheat that is held in reserve all over the world. It is believed that the quantity so held in the United States is small. The crop of last year, as we have already observed, was very deficient, and it is supposed that, if there had been a large reserved supply of old wheat, it would have been drawn upon. As a matter of fact, the exports from the United States since the beginning of October last have been immensely smaller than in the corresponding period of last year. Of course it may be that farmers kept back wheat because the price was disappointing, and there may be, therefore, a larger reserve than is generally supposed. But the best opinion in the United States undoubtedly is that the supply of old wheat is not large. The best opinion, also, is that the supply at home is not very large. There ought, if this opinion be right, to be a greatly increased importation if prices are to be maintained, as the harvest in Europe will be late. But there is not the increase thus looked for, and the inference generally drawn is that the world does not hold so large a supply of old wheat as would enable the imports into Western Europe to be promptly and largely increased. The inference, however, is faulty to this extent—that there has been no considerable rise to induce a large augmentation of foreign supplies. Doubtless, if wheat, instead of rising 6d., had risen 2s. or 3s. a quarter, there

would have been an appreciable augmentation almost immediately of foreign imports. But prices have not risen, partly because millers are as yet uncertain as to the real character of the harvest. They find, for example, that the wheat crop at home is allowed by the best observers not to have suffered as yet to the extent which might reasonably have been feared. They hope, therefore, that the weather may change at an early date, and that a week or two of heat at the end of July, with a bright, burning August, may make so great a change for the good that most of the pessimist estimates now formed will be disproved. And what may occur here at home may occur elsewhere, and thus the harvest may prove to be much better than now seems likely. It is to be recollected that, although the home harvest is only about 5 per cent. of the world's whole harvest, it has an undue influence on the minds of dealers at home, and, therefore, in that way exercises a greater influence upon markets than would at first sight appear probable. It would seem as if calculations of the same kind are swaying the minds of purchasers on the Continent. At any rate, prices have not moved much more sensibly upon the Continent than at home. In the United States there was a little while ago a sharp rise, which, however, has not been maintained, as the Agricultural Bureau's report for July was much more favourable than that for June, and since then markets have given way. The July report, however, as we have already said, is to the effect that two-thirds of the crops will be in general average condition only about 75 per cent. of a full average crop. Yet the report has had the effect we have stated, no doubt the final cause being the lowness of prices in England and upon the Continent. But, if the present prospects are realized, it appears inevitable that there must be a considerable advance in price before the harvest of 1889. If, as is generally assumed, the European harvests are smaller than last year, and if, as appears incontestable, the American harvest is decidedly short, then, to attract the full supply here there must be a rise of price, and the rise of price is likely to come the more quickly since the competition of France is sure to make itself felt. The rise may be less, however, than now seems likely, because it is just possible that the reserve supply of old wheat in India is larger than is generally supposed. The export of wheat during the past year has been exceptionally small. To some extent this is accounted for by the fact that last year's crop was shorter than the year before; and, further, the auxiliary crops failed in some districts, and the population in consequence had to draw upon wheat for their supply. But it is possible that the farmers may have held back a large part of the crop from unwillingness to sell at the ruling prices. There was a good home demand, and they may have been unwilling to sell at the prices which exporters to Europe would have been willing to give. If this should prove to be the case, there may be a large increase in the coming year in the exports from India, and this may make up to some extent for the deficiency in the European and American crop. But if, on the other hand, the home demand was so large as to leave no great surplus last year in India, then it seems inevitable that there must be a very considerable rise in the price of wheat during the next two months. A very considerable rise, however, would still leave the price very moderate. At present, for example, the price, as we have said, is about 8s. a quarter lower than the average of the past ten years. No such rise, therefore, is at all probable as would affect the comfort of the working classes, much less as would tend materially to check consumption.

JUDGE PITT-TAYLOR.

HIS Honour Judge Pitt-Taylor, whose death we regret to record, was the great-grandson of the great Earl of Chatham, his mother being the sister of Lady Herbert Stanhope and daughter of the Radical Earl Stanhope, who married a daughter of Lord Chatham. His father, Mr. Thomas Taylor, was Comptroller of the Customs. The Judge was born in 1811, and educated at Eton and Christchurch. He was called to the Bar in 1837, and soon obtained considerable business before Parliamentary Committees, where his ready and acute intellect gave him an advantage over most of his competitors. Having married early in life, he was tempted, for the sake of an assured competence, to take a County Court Judgeship in 1852, when he might reasonably have looked forward to higher promotion. When he accepted a seat on the County Court Bench, the then Lord Chancellor held out hopes that the superior Bench would occasionally be recruited from the County Court judges.

Judge Pitt-Taylor has from time to time been entrusted with important work by the Government. He drafted the Documentary Evidence Act, 1845, and the Act of 1851 regulating the admissibility of the evidence of parties to an action. He also prepared or materially altered many other Acts, especially the County Court Act of 1856, and has sat on two Commissions of Law Reform. He was also a contributor to the *Law Review*, *Law Magazine*, and *Edinburgh Review*, and was a very active member of the Society for Promoting the Amendment of the Law. Brougham recognized his value as a law reformer, and was one of his most intimate friends. He is, however, best known by his work on the Law of Evidence, founded on the treatise of Dr.

Greenleaf, an American lawyer. This work is the standard authority on the subject of which it treats, and has gone through eight editions. Some years ago the *Times* in a leading article spoke of Judge Pitt-Taylor as the highest living authority on the law of evidence; and on his retirement from the County Court Bench in 1885 the *Daily News* said of him:—"Mr. Pitt-Taylor's reputation as a lawyer is decidedly and deservedly greater than that of most judges of the High Court." He once carried on a lively literary controversy with Lord Chief Justice Cockburn on a point of evidence, and the Lord Chief Justice is not considered to have had the best of the argument. Vehement and impetuous in temperament, the Judge displayed strong personal antipathies, and was the firmest of friends to those he liked and trusted. Though somewhat intolerant of views strongly opposed to his own, he numbered among his most intimate friends persons holding the most diverse opinions as to religion, law, and politics. In a word, the late Judge was endowed with a keen and vigorous intellect; he was an excellent companion, a good friend, and a man of the highest honour.

ETON v. HARROW.

THE thing that will be best remembered about the Eton v. Harrow match of 1888 is that it was played on two fine days; the first a brilliant one; the second, at all events, without rain. This, in this summer of wintry storms, was much to be thankful for; and the ladies, with a sigh of "At last," seemed with one consent to have donned their brightest raiment, and seized their most gorgeous parasols to protect their hats crammed with the newest flowers. Never did Lord's look gayer or prettier; and yet, in spite of all, the mirth was rather hollow, and the spirits neither of the victors nor the vanquished seemed as buoyant as usual. In truth, the game, with the exception of an hour and a half on the Friday evening, was not an enlivening one, and a "bowler's match" does not recommend itself either to fashionable or to boyish spectators. Harrow, who had five of last year's eleven, won the toss and went first to the wickets, but by one o'clock were disposed of for the small total of 80. Studd bowled well for Eton, taking six wickets for 27 runs, and, though a catch or two was missed, the fielding on the whole was fair—one man, Giffard, being run out in most brilliant style. Jackson and Gilroy, who made respectively 21 and 24, alone gave any trouble. Small as the Harrow total was, it cost Eton seven wickets before it was equalled, though the stubborn play of the last three raised it to 106. The three old choices of Eton only contributed 14 runs between them, and the score was made by Yate Lee, who put together 37 in very good style, and almost alone of the two elevens seemed able to put leg balls to their proper use. Jackson's bowling was fast and straight, and his record nearly as good as Studd's, six wickets taken by him costing 40 runs. The Harrow fielding was very smart, the ball being picked up neatly, and well returned; in fact, both elevens were in marked contrast to Oxford and Cambridge, who, in the previous week, had shown to so little advantage in this department. The second innings of Harrow began before five o'clock on the Friday, and when Studd had bowled two wickets for 4 runs, it looked as if it would close before time. When Hoare and Watson got together, however, a very different complexion was put upon the game. Watson played steadily, but Hoare hit out with great freedom and success. Studd bowled on doggedly, but the other Eton bowlers were severely punished. At 74 Studd bowled Watson, but Jackson took up the parable, and runs came faster than ever. At the close of play Hoare had made 80, and Jackson 50, both not out, and Harrow were 141 runs to the good. Jackson only added 9 on the second day, the fourth wicket falling for 188; but Hoare stayed on for some time longer, making 108, and being the seventh man out with the total of 222. This was a fine innings; and when it is compared with Daniel's, Ottaway's, Watson's, Crawley's and others who have made their century in the Boys' match, the state of the ground must be taken into consideration. Though faster than it had been, it was still soft, and the ball took a good deal of hard hitting to make it travel; and, as far as we remember, it was the only "century" made in the week. All this goes to show the weakness of the Eton bowling; for, excepting a little natural slackness towards the close of the first day's play, the fielding was not amiss, though Hoare's chance to point, when he had made 73, was not accepted; nor another to mid-off at 76. Gilroy contributed 16; and some village play increased the total to 234. Eton have never been famous for fighting an uphill game, and it was plainly impossible for them to make the 209 required runs; but their most candid critics were not prepared for what followed. Jackson and Hoare bowled with straightness and precision, and the wickets simply tumbled down. When eight had fallen for 17 runs, it looked as if 20 were almost beyond hope; but Goad and Hodgson made a stand, and the innings was hit up to a grand total of 52, leaving Harrow winners by 156 runs.

Even to Harrow men, hollow though their victory was, there was much that was disappointing in the game. It is never satisfactory when a few do the work of the whole; and here Jackson, Hoare, Watson, and Gilroy did it all. A. C. Maclaren, who last year played two capital innings of 55 and 67, this year did nothing; nor did

his brother, the captain. On the other hand, the Harrow fielding was excellent, as was the wicket-keeping on both sides. Eton men have to look to Studd for their only consolation; he took fourteen wickets at a cost of 99 runs, and seems to promise to make a good bat. That Harrow were the best team there is no doubt—best in batting, best in fielding, and best as a whole in bowling. The deadness of the ground was also very favourable to Jackson. It should be said, in fairness to Eton, that the light on Saturday, during the greater part of their innings, was most extraordinary—a sort of blue fog seemed to settle on the ground, and more than one batsman returned to the pavilion saying he had not seen the ball. It is the case, however, that fright obstructs the vision quite as much as fog, and we are inclined to assign that as the true reason. If Eton were able to play more matches away from their own ground—matches which they really cared to win—they would be infinitely more dangerous to their opponents at Lord's. Still they may point to the fact that they made more runs than England could do on the same ground two days later against the Australians, and Jackson and Hoare counted as much to them as Turner and Ferris to their betters.

COTMAN'S DRAWINGS.

THE student of Art—the historical student; not the industrious person who learns drawing at South Kensington—should betake himself to Norwich, some time within the next few weeks. He will see there what will continue his education in a very right direction—a large and thoroughly representative show of the water-colours and black-and-white studies of an English master. Norwich is legitimately proud of John Sell Cotman, and the Norwich Art Circle, in holding this exhibition of his work, has been careful to pay him honour. Yet Cotman's association with the "Norwich School" was somewhat limited. He was born in Norwich in 1782, but it was in London that he learnt his art, and it was there that he died in 1842. He was the brother-in-law of Thirle, a minor painter of Norwich; but Turner was included among his artistic associates, and Turner profoundly admired him. He was a member of the Norwich Society of Artists, but he exhibited at the Old Water Colour Society. And though he practised his craft for many years in a seaport as well as in a city of East Anglia—in Yarmouth as well as at Norwich—the last years of his maturity and the few years of his decline were spent in London, where from 1834 till his death he held the post of drawing-master at King's College. Thus his experience was very much wider than that of "Old" Crome, the leader of what is supposed to be his school. His own individuality was quite as marked as Crome's, and, unlike Crome, he had no imitators whose names have come down to us. He was a man apart; gentler in his tastes than were several of the artists of the Norwich coterie, who were worthy persons enough, but eminently *bourgeois*. He profited by his larger experience; and, though he was the son of a haberdasher, well-born people appreciated him with affection, even at an exclusive period in English social life.

And, indeed, the refinement of Cotman's mind, the delicacy and subtlety of his thought, his quick sensibility to humour and to pathos, find their counterpart in the qualities of his work. It is impossible to know that work familiarly—it is impossible to really study it at Norwich—without recognizing that, with all its deficiencies or limitations, it was deeply original. It was the product of a curious union of strength and grace. And some of the qualities by which his art became in later years most characterized, Cotman had in him, it is clear, from the beginning. A sketch done at Norwich when he was a mere youth displays the sense of elegance—not, of course, the assured command of it—which was with him to the end. In the long years that followed that early work—in the forty years of his labouring life—he was singularly unequal in execution. There are Cotmans, veritable Cotmans, which are yet unendowed with any of his charm. Like nearly every sensitive artist he had his times of mere dullness, and, original as he was, he did, now and again—chiefly in his early days—allow himself to produce drawings which are suggestive of unimportant Turners or of Girtins not of the best sort. He was susceptible of influence. Then, again, there is his work in oil. It has never yet been displayed adequately; they promise it to us at Norwich for next year, and we have no desire to prejudice it. But so far as it has been seen—and it must be remembered that there was never very much of it in existence—it cannot claim anything like equal rank with the artist's work in water-colour. Cotman's real place will have to be given him in virtue of his water-colour drawings, not of his oil paintings. He competes, not with "Old" Crome and Bonington and Constable, but rather with David Cox and Peter Dewint. And, like Cox and Dewint, he spent a great deal of his time in teaching young ladies. Cox seems to have done that without producing many drawings which were practical lessons to the young ladies—lessons in method, we mean—and nothing else. A certain number of Dewint's drawings, on the other hand, bear the stamp of work done in order that an intelligent, or even a fairly stupid, pupil may see how work ought to be done. And

so there are drawings of Cotman's, in themselves a little dull, a little uninteresting, a little uninspired, just because his thought when he executed them was of the means and not of the end. To these must be added, too, a certain number of the sketches made in connexion with the antiquarian labours of his friend Dawson Turner. His knowledge of architecture was so complete and his love of it so genuine, that some among these church interiors are happily characteristic. But others, it must be allowed, have the chilliness of academic performance—are tainted with the dullness of the merely instructed. His genius lies outside and away from them. And his genius will never be appreciated by those who were born to revel most of all in these.

Of the three rooms at Norwich now devoted to his work, the first is filled with Cotman's earlier, as distinguished from his later, water-colours. But it contains nothing that is immature, and much that is most significant. Indeed the finest among his earlier works are among the most desirable acquisitions of the collector; and they are extremely rare. The "Durham Castle and Cathedral" (No. 13)—important as it looks—is not one of the finest. It is too suggestive of an early Turner, of a not quite first-rate Girtin. It is difficult to believe that it was done at the same time as the "Bishopgate Bridge" (No. 6) and the "Mousehold Heath" (No. 15); yet Mr. Wedmore does not claim for "Bishopgate Bridge" any later date than 1810; and Mr. James Reeve—the Norwich student of the master, to whom the text of the valuable catalogue is chiefly due—has fixed certainly that it was in 1810 that Cotman executed the "Mousehold Heath," with its noble and restrained and sturdy realism. But very much akin to the "Bishopgate Bridge" is "St. Luke's Chapel" (No. 43), which, like the less characteristic "Durham," is owned by the member for Norwich. "St. Luke's Chapel"—like all the best of the early work—is extraordinarily rich in tone, rather than very brilliant in colour. To the outsider in the matter, to the person not yet "ready to receive" Cotman's art, it may appear to be unfinished. But, except in purely topographical or antiquarian design, a quite obvious completeness was never Cotman's aim. In his best work Cotman stopped the very instant that he had done enough to convey his meaning to the sensitive and the understanding. A space was purposely left blank; this and that detail, that the public would have asked for and wanted, was resolutely refused them; nothing was to be inserted at the sacrifice of breadth and style and general effect. And by looking at the drawings we have praised, and at others which resemble them, the student may learn this lesson. But sturdy and direct and simple as Cotman was in his earlier maturity, he had at need at that time something of the grace of his latest years. Mr. Reeve's "Twickenham" (No. 53), so admirably illustrated in the Catalogue, by Mr. C. J. Watson, is in some respects a composition sought for and invented rather than actually discovered; a subject nobly modified as well as nobly seen. Yet the drawing is of 1808. And there is a strange and imported elegance in the trees of the slight sketch of "Duncombe Park" (No. 44), a drawing presumably of something about the same period. The second room, in the chambers of the Norwich Art Circle, is devoted to black-and-white. It includes a bit of work—an hour's amusement with the pencil—which Cotman allowed himself when he was scarcely twelve years old. The firmness, the decisiveness, of it is what is noticeable. Picturesque it cannot pretend to be. But the room affords us the opportunity of studying his black-and-white work of all periods; a few delicate pencil sketches, and poetic compositions done some of them in black chalk, and some in a combination of chalk and wash, almost peculiar to himself. And we end—as far as the black-and-white is concerned—with a glance at the almost passionate and David Cox-like studies in which, coming down to Norwich for a few weeks in the last year of his life, one wet autumn, when the floods were over the land, he chronicled, with powerful brevity, "The Wold Afloat."

The third room allows a return to water-colour, and in it may be seen a perfectly adequate selection from the work in which Cotman most of all proved himself to be a colourist gorgeous and audacious—a rival almost of Turner. Mr. Pyke Thompson's "Blue Afternoon" (No. 171) is an immediately recognizable instance of that "revelry of colour" of which criticism has already spoken as characterizing Cotman's later time. "Blue Afternoon" is indeed a luxurious portrayal of magic weather and a selected scene. We wish that the same owner's "Golden Twickenham"—these titles are not Cotman's, but they express the nature of his work—could have been placed by the side of it. Mr. Reeve exhibits (in No. 160) a composition closely resembling "Blue Afternoon." It is called "Château, Normandy." It is more finished, is less audacious, and, it may be, is endowed with a more silvery refinement. Both curiously recall, yet neither is identical with, a subject in Cotman's book of soft-ground etchings—his *Liber Studiorum*—published in 1838 by Mr. Bohn. Mr. Roget's "Framlingham Castle" (No. 166) is not only a delicate architectural drawing, it is an arrangement in blues and reds perfectly characteristic of Cotman, and grateful to many who will find in his bolder art something of a stumbling-block. Mr. Ripley, Mr. Heseltine, Mr. Inglis Palgrave, and Mr. F. T. Palgrave are among the other contributors who ought to be mentioned, and perhaps the most harmonious of all Cotman's most brilliant exercises in colour is to be seen in Mr. Bulwer's "Blasting St. Vincent's Rocks, Clifton" (No. 168). The composition—the sail comparatively light against the darkness of the rocky background—recalls

Turner's "Norham"—the "Norham" of the *Liber* and of *The Rivers of England*. But mere imitation is never seriously to be mentioned as a charge against Cotman's art. Whatever his peculiarities, he was essentially poetic—a creator, indeed.

HERBERT AND FRANK.

HOW blind is the world to the chief of its actors!
How feeble the lantern that History bears!
How ill we discern the true forces and factors
That shape the great drama of human affairs!
Late, late have we learnt for what services splendid
We might have had reason two statesmen to thank,
And how nearly a struggle of ages was ended
For ever and ever by Herbert and Frank.

Ay! little we dreamed in those days of disaster,
The darkest dark hour of that desperate time,
When the hearts of the traitors began to beat faster
As Ministers blanched in the battle with crime,
And we gazed upon Outrage's loosening fetters,
And marked how the flag of Authority sank,
That we should have been reading the elegant letters
That passed day by day between Herbert and Frank.

We had eyes but for him, the upright, the unshaken,
The brave, who, with traitors behind and around,
Close pressed by his foes and by comrades forsaken,
Gave never an inch of his hardly-won ground.
We had eyes but for Forster and those he was facing,
Nor thought of the "friends" who would take him in flank—
Vain fools that we were! when we might have been tracing
The pretty *pourparlers* of Herbert and Frank.

And O! with what infinite edification
The public had watched how that bargain would close;
One side—unempowered to contract for the nation,
The other—forbidden to act for its foes.
Diplomacy surely no treaty could find us
Quite fit with this precious convention to rank,
When we see in the man to whom Herbert would bind us
The drummed-out, discredited Parnellite Frank.

How pleasant to think that, while deeper and deeper
Anxiety grew as fresh volume was gained,
By the Radical cry for dismissing the Keeper,
And loosing once more the wild beast he had chained,
These brilliant young persons were jingling their phrases
Fresh drawn from the Folly and Fluency Bank,
And Herbert was greedily swallowing praises
Of self and papa from the flattering Frank.

We know, and too well, the disastrous conclusion,
The crushing defeat of the trickster self-tricked;
We know to what goal of disgrace and confusion
That "ball at the foot of your father" was kicked.
All this was well known; but we hadn't a notion,
While deep of that cup of dishonour we drank,
That the hands which prepared the delectable potion
Were those—to begin with—of Herbert and Frank.

Yet 'tis soothing to think that, if all had been other,
If prigs had been prophets and words had been acts,
Or if both, or but one, had been willing to bother
About such a thing as an inkling of facts—
Had there been no wild beast—or but one—of a breed that
From diet carnivorous modestly shrank,
Why then, to be sure, we should all have agreed that
No praise were excessive for Herbert and Frank.

REVIEWS.

WILLIAM EDWARD FORSTER.*

II.

IN February 1861 Mr. Forster, who had previously stood unsuccessfully for Leeds, entered Parliament as member for Bradford. He had already become one of the notables of the place, and even one of its curiosities. "Long Forster" was pointed out to strangers as he strolled along the streets as among the things of note that did renown that enterprising, but not very attractive, seat of Yorkshire industry. His entrance upon political life was contemporaneous with the great controversy of the Civil War in America. From first to last Forster's strongest passion, as Mr. Wemyss Reid says, was his hatred of slavery. Possibly the idea which ruled in his mind, with a power only second to that, was his conviction that a nation which abandons its political unity and territorial integrity has entered on the path of decline. Both these convictions, as he interpreted them,

made him the strenuous advocate of the North. He was a firm believer in the maintenance of the connexion between England and her Colonies, and the desire to assist in this work gave him special satisfaction in the offer which Lord Russell made to him in 1865 of the Under-Secretaryship for the Colonial Department. When Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister in 1868 Mr. Forster was appointed Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, without, however, a seat in the Cabinet. The great measure of National Education, with which Mr. Forster's name will probably be more lastingly associated than with any other of his achievements, was passed under considerable difficulties, not only in Parliament, but in the Cabinet, in which Mr. Forster was only indirectly represented by Lord Ripon. We have no intention to tread now on the smouldering embers of an extinct controversy. It is worth while noting, however, merely as a matter of fact, that the measure as originally framed was more in harmony with the views of the Radical party, by whom Mr. Forster's alleged compromise of principle was bitterly assailed, than it was in the form in which it emerged from Ministerial handling. Mr. Reid publishes the following extract from a letter which Lord Ripon wrote to Mr. Forster while the Bill was undergoing Cabinet manipulation:—"If Gladstone," he says, "prefers to carry it by the aid of the Tories rather than by conciliating the bulk of the Liberals, that is his affair, not ours, and we must let him do what he likes on that point." On the questions at issue Mr. Gladstone may possibly have been right and Mr. Forster wrong, but the imputation which was habitually made on Forster of treachery to his own party—an imputation which his honourable reserve prevented his rebutting, and which was not repelled by any generous vindication of him on the part of others—is sufficiently answered by the disclosure which Lord Ripon's letter presents of the influences really at work in the modification of the Bill. The position which Forster attained by his skilful conduct of the Education Bill through Parliament was recognized by his admission into the Cabinet. In piloting the Ballot Bill through the House of Commons he showed not less address and management. He had become, after Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington, the most important member of the Liberal party in the House of Commons. When Mr. Gladstone retired from political leadership in 1875 the choice lay between Lord Hartington and Mr. Forster. Mainly under the influence of the antipathy which Mr. Forster's supposed backslidings in the framing of the Education Bill had produced among the Nonconformists and the Radicals of the Birmingham school, Lord Hartington was chosen. Forster retired in his favour, "not," as he says, "without a pang, but with full belief that he had done the right thing."

In 1880, on the formation of Mr. Gladstone's second Administration, Mr. Forster was desirous of filling the office of Secretary of State for the Colonies; but the more dangerous and important, though technically less dignified, post of Chief Secretary for Ireland was pressed upon him by Mr. Gladstone, and Forster accepted it with the chivalrous loyalty to duty which he showed throughout his life. Mr. Gladstone since he became a convert to Home Rule has more than once expressed his regret for the policy of Coercion which was adopted under Mr. Forster. He has even gone so far as indirectly to disavow knowledge of some of the most important measures which were taken and anything more than a formal responsibility for them. The letters which Mr. Reid publishes shows that Mr. Gladstone's memory has betrayed him. He was consulted on all the important steps which were taken, and was more than passively acquiescent in them. The man who has during the last two years become the apologist of boycotting and of the National League wrote to Mr. Forster in the following terms:—"I do not," said Mr. Gladstone, "see why legislation should mean, necessarily, only suspension of the Habeas Corpus. We are now, I believe, inquiring whether the law allows, under certain circumstances, of combination to prevent the performance of certain duties, and the enjoyment of certain rights. If it does not, as I understand the matter, we prosecute; if it does, why may not the law be brought up to the proper point by an amending Act?" Lord Spencer and Mr. Gladstone have taken credit for not suppressing the Land League, and they have both given formal acquittal to Mr. Parnell of participation in lawless designs. Yet Mr. Gladstone wrote to Mr. Forster to express his assent to, or, as Mr. Gladstone characteristically preferred to put it, his inability "to dissent, under the circumstances, from the series of propositions by which you seek to connect Parnell and Co. with the prevailing intimidation." He further suggested, describing it as "my old fancy," an Autumn Session for the purpose of putting down the League. Again, he wrote to Mr. Forster on the 4th of April, 1882, the very month in which the negotiations which ended in the Kilmainham Treaty were commenced, "In the main point, namely, the deadly fight with the social revolution, you have not failed, but are succeeding. Your failure, were it true, is our failure, and outrage, though a grave fact, is not the main one." Mr. Gladstone now contends that, so far as the necessity for Coercion is concerned, outrage is the sole fact which has to be taken into account, and that intimidation which is not accompanied by violence and bloodshed does not justify exceptional legislation.

Mr. Reid, following Mr. Forster, but without Mr. Forster's excuse of momentary disappointment and excitement, finds the source of the evils which the Government of 1880 had to contend with in the rejection by the House of Lords in that year of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill. Their action, it is sometimes said, gave Mr. Parnell at least an excuse for the device of boycotting

* *Life of the Right Hon. William Edward Forster.* By T. Wemyss Reid. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1888.

and for the organized intimidation set on foot by the Land League. Only by these extra legal measures, as they are euphemistically called, was it possible to put a stop to evictions. Mr. Reid, however, neglects to call attention to the fact that the measure passed the House of Commons in its later stages by majorities which showed a great falling off from the numbers by which the second reading was carried. It did not go to the House of Lords backed by that decisive expression of opinion in the Lower House which made it in any sense a matter of moral obligation in the Peers to accept a measure departing altogether from the hitherto received principles of economical legislation. He admits that Mr. Parnell himself opposed the Bill after its modification by an amendment moved by the Attorney-General. Mr. Parnell, indeed, denounced it in its new form as utterly worthless, and neither he nor any of his party again voted for it. The House of Lords surely cannot be blamed for rejecting a measure which the Irish party themselves disowned and refused to support, and which in its later stages was carried by majorities so small as to show that it was not backed by any strong force even of Liberal opinion. We have not space to enter into the circumstances which led to and accompanied Mr. Forster's retirement from the Irish Secretaryship. The idea that he was forced to resign by intrigues against him in the Cabinet is discountenanced by Mr. Gladstone's statement that, so far as his knowledge went, the notion of Forster's retirement as a thing desirable had never crossed the mind of one of his colleagues. A few weeks before Forster's resignation was accepted Mr. Gladstone wrote:—"If you go, and go on Irish grounds, surely I must go too. At the winter end of 1880 we might have parted for cause; I do not see how we can now." Surely these things are enough to show that Mr. Gladstone's ungenerous disclaimer of responsibility for Mr. Forster's Irish policy and of sympathy with it is a hallucination of memory born of the exigencies of his subsequent political position, and especially of the need of conciliating his present political allies.

We cannot follow the course which, after his resignation, Mr. Forster took as an independent member of the Liberal party and as one of the leaders of the Opposition during the first Ministry of Lord Salisbury. When Mr. Gladstone returned to office in February 1886 Mr. Forster was suffering from the illness which proved fatal to him, and he died three days before Mr. Gladstone introduced and explained his Home Rule scheme. Mr. Forster had, however, written emphatic protests from his sick chamber against the concession to Ireland of a separate Parliament under any conditions whatsoever. The account of his last illness, which Mrs. Forster has contributed to these volumes, is exceedingly touching. He was greatly moved by the announcement that was made to him that, in the Friends' Meeting for Sufferings, prayers for his recovery had been offered. "The Church of my fathers has not forgotten me!" he said, bursting into tears. He did not recover his usual calmness for some time. Although Mr. Forster had abandoned all the characteristic ideas of the Quakers, something of the old Friend adhered to him. In writing to members of the Society to which he had once belonged, and in his letters to his wife, he always used what Quakers call the plain speech. That had become to him the language of intimacy and affection. He found great comfort in the reading of the Bible, and in the recitation to him of hymns. "After I had repeated several," Mrs. Forster writes, "he asked me to kneel down. I knelt close beside him, and he began to pray in a trembling solemn voice like one speaking his own thoughts to One unseen. The whole burden and heart of it was, 'Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.' . . . Towards the end he prayed, 'Whether Thou art pleased to raise me up, and enable me to serve my country again, or whether my work in Parliament is to be closed, help me to try and serve my country, or help me to bear it.'" The impression which Mr. Reid's biography leaves on the mind is that of the intense reality and complete sincerity of Forster's character. He was not content with secondhand impressions or knowledge. As in his early days he worked with his own hands at camel-making and wool-sorting, so, while he held the office of Vice-President of the Committee of Council, to which measures relating to the public health were referred, he presented himself, during an epidemic of small-pox, for re-vaccination by one of the public officers, "patiently waited his turn, and was duly operated upon by a medical man who was wholly ignorant of his identity." There was a great outcry for and against re-vaccination at the time. The conduct of medical officers in the treatment of the poorer patients had been assailed; and, instead of depending upon reports, Forster made a direct personal experiment. The Ballot was in use at School Board elections before it was applied to political constituencies, and Forster visited the Westminster polling-station to observe minutely its operation before introducing the measure which has now become law. In like manner he studied foreign questions, not merely in newspapers and blue-books, but in foreign countries. He aimed always at first-hand acquaintance with facts. Probably no statesman of our time was so little the dupe of phrases and preconceptions. The loss which England has sustained in his death is greater than the privation of any direct services which he might have rendered to his country if his life had been continued. England is the poorer in intellectual and moral worth through the withdrawal of what, after all due deductions are made, remains a high and noble type of character.

NOVELS.*

THE anonymous author of *Fraternity* has a message for the human race, and he conveys it in a novel. Both the novel and the message deserve criticism, and they shall have it separately, and the novel first. It is a very poor novel. The plot is commonplace, and the people are neither attractive nor interesting. Richard Price, of Wales, married secretly, and begat Edmund Price. Richard had to go to Australia, leaving his wife and son behind. When he was gone his wife died, and he was led to believe that Edmund was dead too. So he married again and begat Harold, and made a great fortune. Meanwhile Edmund had grown up as a foundling, and had eventually become a village schoolmaster and an apostle of fraternity. He had also fallen in love with a Welsh girl rejoicing in the elegant name of Blodwen. She was "a little piece of Nature, throbbing responsive to every tone of joy or pain in the great gamut of existence," and reciprocated Edmund's unavowed passion with extreme vehemence and unreserve. Edmund and Harold accidentally met each other prowling on a mountain, and swore eternal brotherhood, without knowing that they were really half-brothers. Their love affairs got mixed up, and eventually their relationship was discovered and everything came right. Edmund deserves a double-first among the heroes of the year as a bore and as a prig. He preached remorselessly, for pages on end, to everybody he met, and they generally liked it. The author backs him up like this:—"With a sad recurring pain Edmund wondered in those first bitter days why we should be thus made, with simple human hearts capable of such pure earthly happiness if they were not linked to insatiable inexorable souls, with infinite strivings that will never let the poor hearts rest, that strain and stretch the bleeding cords till they break in agony, and the struggle is ended!" Some of the minor characters, to whom the author has evidently devoted great attention, are typical examples of the bloated aristocrat, the middle-aged female snob, the high-souled peasant, and so on. They are depicted with extreme crudeness and vehemence, and stand to their respective colours with inhuman absence of compromise. The language of the author, without being specially full of blunders, is neither good nor graceful.

In spite of all these defects, the moral of the book, if not absolutely original, is creditable, and forcibly set out. It is that the misfortunes of life would be reduced to a minimum if social and political reformers would abstain from troubling their heads about liberty, recognize that there neither is nor ought to be any such thing as equality, and concentrate their energies upon the cultivation of fraternity. The odious Edmund's favourite illustration is that the attitude of human beings to each other ought to be that of well-conducted children in a large nursery, where neither liberty nor equality exists or is wanted. The following paragraphs indicate the author's application of his doctrine to existing problems:—

Life is very short; make the best of it you can. You, who love the poor, who influence the poor, teach them not that the rich withhold from them their rightful heritage; that they are victims of injustice because they are poor. There is no more injustice in a man's being born poor than there is in his being born blind or lame. It is very hard, I grant—think not that I do not feel how hard—but call it not unjust. We have no more right to be all equally wealthy, than we have to be equally healthy.

Face the hardship like men, and you will see it is no such terrible one after all. The worst you can say of it is that it involves a life of continuous labour for one set of men, while others can afford to be idle at ease. To which, I reply, with Edmund, that it is a very small proportion of mankind that does not work, and that that small proportion must be living upon money earned by parents or ancestors, which it would be a crying injustice to force them to share with you, who certainly have not helped to make it.

This is sound doctrine, and well put here and elsewhere in the two volumes. It is all the more to be regretted that the book is not a better novel, and more likely to attain a large circulation where it might do good. The author's style is weakened by the excessive use of italics.

Except for the usual small jokes and verbal conceits *The Mystery of Mirbridge* is considerably below Mr. James Payn's usual standard. The squire of Mirbridge was a splendid but morose and unhealthy person called Sir Marmaduke Trevor. He had been away from his patrimony for some twenty years, and returned accompanied by Lady Trevor, whom he had married soon after his departure, and their sons, Hugh and Charles. The mystery, which Mr. Payn frankly explains to the reader at the outset of the story, was about her ladyship, and it was not of a thrilling kind. Sir Marmaduke's principal subject was Mr. Thorne, the rector of Mirbridge, and he had two daughters, who, with the want of originality so often and so painfully obvious in novels, paired off with the two young Trevors. Their names were Clara and Lucy. The story consists of the efforts these two young ladies made to capture the hearts and hands of the two young men, the success which attended those efforts, and the mutual bearings upon each other of the mystery and the matrimony. Both pairs of lovers were admirably suited to each other. The younger, Charley and Lucy, were both brainless, pretty, more than usually puerile, and free from all serious vice.

* *Fraternity*. A Romance. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

The Mystery of Mirbridge. By James Payn, Author of "Lost Sir Masingberd," &c. London: Chatto & Windus. 1888.

Vaia's Lord. By Jean Middlemass, author of "Wild Georgie," "Sack-cloth and Broadcloth," &c. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1888.

As for the elder pair, Hugh was a brute and a sot, and deserved Clara for a wife, and she deserved him for a husband. The mystery turned out very much to his disadvantage, and Clara, having been married to him for a month, in which time she had learnt to appreciate his character, was very glad of it, and made the most of it. Before she was married she was a prig of the worst sort, and ferociously virtuous and well-informed. She made up her mind to marry Hugh, whom she knew to be a worthless drunkard, because he was his father's eldest son. Eventually she did marry him, in order to spite his mother, and found his company even more disagreeable than she had expected. So when the development of the mystery gave her an opportunity of revenge upon him she took it with savage glee. The hapless man was sent to France, even as Eccles to Jersey, to drink himself to death, which purpose he successfully accomplished in three years. We hope, and considering Hugh's character we are inclined to believe, though Mr. Payn does not mention it, that before or during his sojourn in that country he so far insisted upon his marital rights as to require the company of his magnificent wife—one of her offences is that the reader is much bored by accounts of her physical magnificence—for a sufficiently long time to enable him to give her a thorough good beating. She wanted it badly. Mr. Payn tells his story in Mr. Payn's own lively but not pedantically exact language, and no one who objects to it need read Mr. Payn's novels. He should not, however, have credited Post Browning with the line "Oh, life in England now that April's there." It is interesting as showing what an incalculable difference can be made in a line of poetry by the substitution of one long syllable for two short ones, and in that sense Mr. Payn's flatterers might call it magnificent, but it is not Browning or anything like him. On the whole, *The Mystery of Mirbridge* is a book one is rather glad to have got through.

Vaia's Lord, or the lord of Vaia, or the lord whom Miss Vaia Temple married, is a decidedly odd, rather interesting, and always within an ace of being extremely exasperating person. Like the old man of Hong Kong, he never did anything wrong. He was young, single, moderately rich, and full of ideas, upon and up to which he always acted, the result being that he lived a life of incessant enjoyment, especially after his younger brother, who was a bad lot, and had been the only crumple in Lord Warrington's roseleaves, fell gallantly, at an appropriate moment, by the hand of one burglar while he was in the act of killing another. There is a good deal of country house life in the story, the principal feature in which is where Lord Warrington opens his heart to Vaia on painting and sculpture, or whatever it may be. On such occasions he explains that the truly wise man (i.e. he himself) always spends from two to four hours in the morning reading and studying, and a part of the evening in gambling, for "I aver that few things are so compare for wholesomeness with moderate intellectual play." It is not to be wondered at that Vaia falls madly in love with this favoured nobleman the first moment she sets eyes on him. He does not reciprocate at first, and even when he proposes to her proceeds to "define both [love and his sentiments for her] very clearly and in few words." He explains that to be properly in love you must not only thoroughly like and appreciate the beloved object, but also "super-add" all "the admiration and mere passion" which distinguish ordinary from mere platonic affection. He points out that he likes her very much, but does not yet super-add, and he doubts if he ever will. She accepts him on these terms, and the speculation answers, for at the end of the story she falls ill, nearly dies, and recovers, whereupon he super-adds, and all is well. In the early stages of this one-sided amour a slight complication arises from the fact of Vaia being engaged to a pleasing lunatic (who does super-add with such vigour that it produces paroxysms). After being kindly but firmly jilted, this young gentleman recovered, and, like the Master of Trinity of profane verse, "finally took to divinity." The story also contains a rather nice, though absurd, little girl called Marion. She loved the blameless peer's sinful brother, and he was waiting to elope with her when he slew the burglar and fell to the other burglar's bullet. So she consoled herself with the lunatic.

FEMALE KINSHIP IN ANCIENT EGYPT.*

EVERY ONE who remembers to have read ancient history in his youth will remember also the disgust with which he learned of the Ptolemies that they married their own sisters. Before the publication of the late John McLennan's books and other recent works on the subject, most people looked on the Ptolemaic custom as little better than a brutal aberration, perhaps connected with some degrading superstition. But calm and dispassionate investigation puts a very different complexion on this and many other curiosities of history. The new world of historical reading which is so rapidly being overrun in cuneiforms and hieroglyphs reveals new examples for the confirmation or the refutation of old theories. The doctrine, law, or custom of female kinship in a highly civilized state like the Egypt of the Ptolemies has come to be recognized as a survival from a primitive age and as the immemorial custom of the country. But little was known as to the marriage law in the more remote periods of

Egyptian history; and Mr. Andrew Lang asks for information in his *Custom and Myth*. "Is there any reason to suppose that the stronger peoples, like the Aryans and the Semites, ever passed through a stage of culture in which female, not male, kinship was chiefly recognized?" Elsewhere he extends this inquiry to Egypt. We find the monuments of married couples among the most ancient remains, though we know very little about the rules and restrictions of married life at that remote period, perhaps nearly six thousand years ago. Evidence on the subject is, however, gradually, if slowly, coming in; and the recent investigations of the indefatigable Mr. Flinders Petrie throw considerable light on it. The answer to Mr. Lang's question, so far as it relates to Egypt, may be found in sections 10 and 11 of Mr. Petrie's *Season in Egypt*. This passage contains what is probably the most complete summary of the results that has yet been made public. Mr. Petrie is no theorist. He deals only in hard facts, and leaves it to others to make use of them; but the facts here gathered seem to offer, as an answer to Mr. Lang's questions, this simple statement:—The Egyptians not only passed through a stage in which female kinship was the rule, but they continued in that stage from the most remote period of which we know anything down to the beginning of the Christian era. It is curious to observe in Manetho some attempt to account for this usage. The third king of the second dynasty—Baneter, or Binotris—is said to have ordained that women might inherit the crown. It is more probable that the usage of female kinship had long been established, but that possibly no case of a queen actually reigning, as well as transmitting the crown, had so far occurred.

About the year 3500 B.C. there died at Memphis a lady whose name was Mertitefs—a name almost exactly translated by "Cleopatra"—and Mertitefs was buried among the pyramids in a tomb specially excavated for her, and inscribed with all her titles. She was, it appears, first the wife of King Seneferu, and then of King Chufu, whom we know best as Cheops. Finally she is described as devoted to a third Pharaoh, the builder of the second pyramid, Khafra. We know that Seneferu had sons; we know that Cheops had sons; and it is quite certain that Cheops was not the son of Seneferu, and equally certain that Khafra was not the son of Cheops. How then was the crown transmitted? The answer is given in the titles of Mertitefs, and in the ascertained fact that the pyramids of the second rank at Gizeh—small as pyramids but enormous as tombs—are those of queens and princesses. The throne of Huni went to Seneferu by marriage with Mertitefs, and was transmitted at his death to Cheops; and, no doubt, Khafra married a daughter of Mertitefs, whether by Seneferu or Cheops does not appear, and left sons and probably daughters, one of whom would be the wife, possibly the mother, of the next king. This is not conjecture. Every discovery goes to prove that it is a simple and reasonable view of the facts known. Mr. Petrie now carries the matter several steps further. After remarks on the title "Lady of the House," which occurs very frequently, and seems to denote a "dowager," an endowed widow, he goes on to show that at all periods the inscriptions trace relationship on the mother's, not on the father's, side. "The parental identification of a man was by his mother's name." Fathers are sometimes separately commemorated, especially when they held high office; but as links in the genealogical chain are ignored. Mr. Petrie gives several sets of inscriptions relating to families; in one set "the mother is commemorated and repeatedly named, the father is never mentioned; the mother's mother is named also." In another and much more extensive series "there is not a single husband mentioned among over twenty wives." At El Kab, under the eleventh dynasty, Pahari commemorates "his father, wife's father, brothers, and sons," but no other male relations; yet he names the daughters of the sister of the mother of his mother. The list which exists of the priestesses of Amen at Thebes shows a long chain of female succession. It is very probable that the only legitimate succession was through the female line. Mr. Petrie thus accounts for the introduction of the system of sister marriage, "which was begun in the twelfth dynasty, and fully carried out in the eighteenth and later dynasties." This, we venture to think, is new light on a very interesting and obscure subject. In the hands of the modern school of students of folklore it should be valuable. When Ptolemy married Cleopatra he obeyed the same law which fifteen centuries before had obliged Thothmes to marry Hatshepsu.

MEMOIRS OF BIDEŁ.*

THAT the lion is little more than a gigantic cat is a view supported by naturalists, travellers, and tamed, and the praises lavished upon this lordly beast for "dauntless courage" and "merciful forbearance" are now regarded as belonging rather to the category of pretty phrases than of well-founded facts. That the lion is tameable without recourse to whip or revolver has been shown by the experiences of Henri Martin, and once he is tamed, the striking circumstance that the wild cat is so aggressive and the tame cat so confiding helps to explain results that have puzzled so many in the menageries at home and abroad. The occasional "rancune" of the lion, when, after a long spell of tractability, he turns upon his master and

* *A Season in Egypt*, 1887. By W. M. Flinders Petrie. London: Field & Tuer. 1888.

* *Mémoires d'un Dompteur*. Par Bideł. Paris: Librairie de l'Art.

sometimes rends him—which has been called caprice—is no doubt an instinctive periodical return to the natural state, a phenomenon common to all animals and to man. The fact is the "dauntless courage" of the lion, like the courage of the cat, is the courage of timidity—a contradictory expression, yet none the less a true one; for both animals face their betters through fear and retreat when opportunity favours escape. It is a kind of moral courage, like man's, and would seem to come of a rapid apprehension that to turn tail is to be pierced or shot. The true principle of taming then would seem to be to approach the lion without revolver or whip, as Henri Martin did; to gradually gain the beast's confidence, without giving cause for that timidity which expresses itself in subtle and rapid attack. Those *dompteurs*, however, who have relied on non-aggressive methods for their success have not been wholly successful, or, at any rate, have not escaped from the dangers of their calling. Still, those who, like Martin, have trusted to the fascination of the eye, and to the roping of the legs—representing to the untamed lion a mysterious invulnerability against the grip of his sharp teeth and retractile claws—can show a less ugly record of "égratignures" than those who have more vainly pinned their faith to the report of pistols and crack of whips.

M. Bidel's *Mémoires d'un Dompteur*, though rich in adventures, are wanting in revelations as to the methods by which he has achieved dominion over his "sujets." His pages, it must be admitted, are more interesting than many fictions, and the story of his career carries with it a moral that entitles him to a niche in the gallery of Dr. Smiles; but a little less detail as to his triumphs over audiences, and a little more detail as to his ascendancy over wild beasts, would have been acceptable. Bidel did not spring from generations of showmen. His father was a farm labourer of adventurous spirit who abandoned the field for the road, and, after some experiences as an itinerant panoramist in the noisy Petit Caporal days, saved enough to set up a menagerie of his own. On one of his journeys he was crushed under the caravan wheels. Bidel was then but five. His widowed mother soon fell into the toils of a designing Italian—a kind of Mr. Murdstone—married him, and gave him for dowry her late husband's menagerie. The stepfather growing jealous of the young *dompteur's* triumphs, Bidel ran away. His adventures with a travelling quack, in whose service he seems to have displayed a genuine talent for oratory of the Melchior order, and his experiences as custodian and interpreter of a waxwork exhibition, are amusing and naturally told. But impassive figures of wax are not fit company for lion-tamers, and he yearned for the perils of the cage. He was in love, too, and his desire for distinction was strong. He joined a troupe; but the beasts would seem to have reminded him of the frigid inmates of the waxworks, to have accommodated themselves too kindly to the crack of the whip, to have simulated ferocity, to have shown their teeth by rote. At any rate, he was not satisfied. Danger was what Bidel sought—the kind of danger that would bring out into fierce light the courage that was in him—a courage, as he himself admits, based on vanity, the love of admiration and applause. Pézon, when asked if he was afraid of the lions, ridiculed the notion. Bidel records as his only fear that of appearing ridiculous.

Oui, j'avais peur d'avoir l'air ridicule ou godiche. Ma grande vanité me tenait. Une vanité virile que je ne répudie pas. Une vanité qui coûte cher quelque fois et à laquelle cependant on est heureux d'avoir obéi. C'est là, c'est dans cette absence de périls, que je rêvai de périls à chercher. Idée d'enfant! Soit. Cette idée d'enfant m'a poursuivi. Le sauvage me séduisit. L'appropris m'éceura. La bataille de la volonté, malgré des égratignures, a ses charmes. Je le devinais dans mes tournées faciles, et je possédais tout mon plan à développer, à accomplir. Voyant la bête domptée, je songeais sans cesse la bête indomptable.

A superb chance of dominating the indomitable came to him quite early in his career. A tiger named Athir escaped just before the performance opened, scattering the assembled audience in all directions, sending them in search of refuge to tree-tops, house-tops, and into houses not their own. It is one thing to beard a tiger in his den; another to fight him unarmed in the open air. But Bidel was quite equal to this unexpected call upon his skill and courage; he experienced "l'émotion de l'adolescent à son premier duel"; his only misgiving appears to have been whether he would prove worthy of himself and those waiting open-mouthed for the coming fray. Presently a timid looker-on mustered courage to half open a window, and to announce in whispers the whereabouts of the escaped beast. The "tigre royal" was in the dark recesses of a deserted locksmith's shop. Into this "gouffre d'ombre" Bidel flung himself; and, having become, as he says, familiar with its obscurity, he espied the crouching Athir in the act of springing, with foaming mouth and burning eye. The situation was what is called critical—it was simply a question of who should spring first, tiger or man. Bidel happily took the initiative, and bounded upon his prey. There was a tremendous tussle—there were foamings, flashings, howlings—but the *dompteur* triumphed. Bidel seized the tiger by the skin of his back, and, lifting him on his loins, thus bore his heavy burden in triumph to his cage—a feat, it must be confessed, not easy to realize, much less to achieve.

Of his famous encounter with the African lion Sultan he gives a detailed account; and the story he tells of how, after being nearly killed by that powerful beast—the surgeons counted seventeen wounds—he yearned on his bed of sickness to yet prove his mastery; and of how as a convalescent he did finally triumph, but at the cost of becoming paralysed, shows him for a *dompteur*

of the true type. To the charge of cruelty at that time made against him he says:—"Le métier de dompteur n'implique pas la haine des animaux. Tout au contraire. Vous trouveriez difficilement un dompteur qui n'adorât ses pensionnaires." It is clear from these *Mémoires* that Bidel is one of these; but it is also clear that he has trusted more to his personal strength and to the use of the whip than to the thousand and one painstaking which the word *appropriser* should imply. This narrative records a remarkable career and, in a manner, creditable to the writer, who, if he dwells with pride and gusto on his power and his success, speaks frankly and unflinchingly of his failures and his faults. There is more than one of Bidel's exploits on the details of which we should have liked to dwell, especially on those which occurred in Italy and Spain, which redound to his credit both as a *dompteur* of lions and of men. Like the lion-tamer of fiction, Bidel has not been free from the morbid watcher for his death. In his case it was in the shape of an English lady, who, at an early stage of his career, almost spoiled his chances of marriage by her apparent devotion, until it was explained that she was a harmless widow, indulging in the prospective recreation of being present when "Monsieur would be eaten." She did not altogether wait in vain, for sure enough there she was when years afterwards Sultan inflicted the seventeen wounds.

BOOKS IN SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY LITERATURE.*

MR. FURNESS'S *Variorum Shakespeare* has so long established its reputation that there is comparatively little left to say about a new volume, unless there is space for a dissertation considerable enough to embrace the subject matter as well as the editorial handling of the volume itself. With Mr. Furness's individual opinions on individual points one may, no doubt, agree or disagree as always. But the very nature of his plan leads him less to express individual opinions than to accumulate and dispose for use the opinions of others, and the large mass of positive information which, however it may differ in value, is information and not opinion. Nor is his general commentatorial position, which he has once more formulated in the preface to this *Merchant of Venice*, fairly disputable. It is that while any, even the cheapest and most uncritical, "Shakespeare" is sufficient for the enjoyment and appreciation of Shakespeare himself, the plays are worth all the elaborate study that can be bestowed on them, and that, for the purposes of that study, attention to the work of forerunners in it is not superfluous. This we certainly cannot deny; and we only wish the commentators whom Mr. Furness cites had been oftener animated with his own spirit.

In a list of the commentators glanced at in the sentence just written, Mr. David MacLachlan's latest work would have far from the lowest place. In his general exposition of *Hamlet* he is mildly certain that the play is an allegory on the fate of Essex. As for particulars he is equally positive that the Second Quarto was printed from Shakespeare's own MS. He knows the "post-Shakespearean" insertions in the Folio "like his hand." He can see sense in such sheer nonsense as "co-mart." He knows that, if Ophelia had said "holy vows," she would have been "glosing about her lover's vows" and "already lost." His note about the "dram of eale" and a paper mill at Dartford is staggering even from a commentator on *Hamlet*. In his note on "sate itself in a celestial bed" he apparently does not know what "sate" means, nor has he the least notion of the drift of the passage. He has capped the climax of absurdity yet reached by any one on "tickle of the sear" by explaining as a "cough" what Shakespeare calls a laugh. And, lastly, he is sure that when Shakespeare made Hamlet thirty he meant a reference to Essex, who was thirty-three.

* *Variorum Shakespeare*. Edited by H. H. Furness. *The Merchant of Venice*. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott. 1888.

Hamlet. Edited by D. MacLachlan: London: Reeves & Turner. 1883.

The Bankside Shakespeare—I. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Edited by Appleton Morgan. New York: N.Y. Shakespeare Society. London: Trübner. 1888.

Variorum Shakespeare—A. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Edited by H. Johnson. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1888.

Shakespeare's Plays in English and German—*Henry IV.* (both parts.) Richard II. King John. London: Whittaker. 1888.

University Shakespeare—*Henry V.* Edited by B. Dawson. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1888.

Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism. By A. Morgan. New York: Benjamin. 1883.

Essays. By C. M. Ingleby. London: Trübner. 1883.

The Works of Peele. Edited by A. H. Bullen. 2 vols. London: Nimmo. 1883.

The Mermaid Series—*Webster and Tourneur*. By J. A. Symonds. Ford. By H. Ellis. *Wycherley*. By W. C. Ward. *Nero and other Plays*. London: Vizetelly. 1888.

Fletcher's Christ's Victory and Triumph, with other Sacred Poems of the Seventeenth Century. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1888.

Mulcaster's Positions. Edited by R. H. Quick. London: Longmans & Co. 1888.

The Works of Sir George Etherege. Edited by A. W. Verity. London: Nimmo. 1883.

Early Prose and Poetical Works of Taylor the Water Poet. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1883.

The Praise of Folly. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1888.

The various editions of plays of Shakspeare which follow require no very lengthy mention, though most of them have good points of their own. The "Bankside" is a handsome *literatim* reprint of the earliest issues; its prefatory matter reappears in effect, if not textually, in the editor's volume of Shakspearian Essays, to be noticed presently. The "Variant," also of American origin, is another of similar kind, but still more minutely and exclusively devoted to text criticism. We have before now commended as not unlikely to be useful Messrs. Whitaker's German-English parallel editions. Here are four more of them. We can think no better of the special feature of Mr. Dawson's editing—the indication, that is to say, of syllables which he supposes to be mute by italics—than we did previously. But in a temperate enough remonstrance with us he seems to miss one point. The plan is not only ugly, but arbitrary and useless; because we can never know whether the contractions and apostrophic omissions which Mr. Dawson mainly tries to reproduce or indicate by his italics represent the author's intention, or the actor's habit, or merely the caprice or custom of the printers.

In adding Peele to his edition of the Elizabethan dramatists Mr. Bullen has done a service only less than in the case of Middleton. The author of *David and Bethsabe* is, indeed, accessible, which Middleton is not, in an edition kept in print at a moderate price; but it is one excessively cumbersome to the hand and not over-handsome to the eyes in respect of type. In these respects the present issue leaves nothing to be desired, and Mr. Bullen's editing is as usual judicious and sufficient. In particular he has done what in him lay to get into intelligible form *Edward I.*, one of the most chaotic pieces of printing to be found even in the chaos of Elizabethan typography. "That chare is charred," in Peele's own words; and we can hardly pay Mr. Bullen a better compliment than by saying that we are extremely glad that it fell to his lot, and not to ours, to be the char-man. In the critical part of his Introduction we may, of course, amicably differ with him here and there, as in thinking rather less well of the *Old Wives Tale* and a good deal better of *David and Bethsabe*; but that is no matter. We think that he has, on the whole, taken a judicious view of the autobiographic value of the Villonesque *Jests of George Peele* in supposing some at least of the details to be accurate, though much of the general matter may be "stock." What is known of the author of much charming and far too little known verse Mr. Bullen has put together very well, and we may acquiesce in his humorous and charitable borrowing of a well-known story (though he ought to know that it makes some good people frantic to show knowledge of anything or expect knowledge of any kind from them). "But he died a long time ago, and possibly Meres was misinformed." But the principal thing is, of course, that here is the work of Peele himself accessible, comfortably and agreeably, with its clothes brushed and its face washed, and all fit for company. And very pleasant company it is. Mr. Bullen, like every one else who has studied Peele's work, has been struck by the contrast between the traditional reprobateness of the author's reputation and the cleanliness of his literary work, though it is never goody or oppressively proper—as, for instance, Daniel's is. In general poetical talent Peele seems to us to rank next to Marlowe among "those before Shakspeare"; and, though he had little idea of making a play, he had an admirable notion of writing verse to put in it when it was made. Also he was a scholar and a humourist; and, if we had nothing but his plays and poems, we should certainly not refuse him the title of a gentleman, though Mr. Bullen, like other people, is dreadfully angry with him for taking away the character of Eleanor of Castille. In this point, we must admit, Peele was something peccant; but then, to turn the tables on Mr. Bullen, "she died a long time ago!"—quite as long before Peele as Peele before our time.

The editors of the "Mermaid Series" have made such good diligence that, though no very long time has passed since we last noticed it, four new volumes have been added. Of Webster, Tournour, and Ford nothing need be said, except that Mr. Havelock Ellis, though perhaps a little lofty in his estimate of Ford, has been judiciously laconic in expressing it. Mr. Ward has, like his predecessor who edited Congreve, quoted Macaulay whole on Wycherley; but, unlike that predecessor, has added some careful notes of his own qualifying the Macaulayan exaggeration. Perhaps the miscellany volume, which opens with the stately declamation of the anonymous *Tragedy of Nero*, and also contains Porter's charming comedy of the *Two Angry Women of Abingdon*—nearest of all the productions of the *di minores* to the Shakspeare of the *Merry Wives*—Day's *Parliament of Bees* and *Humour out of Breath*, and Field's lively *Woman is a Weathercock*, with its palinode *Amends for Ladies*, is the most welcome volume of all. For, except to students who have fair libraries of their own, these casual minor authors and plays—attainable, for the most part, only in bulky collections—are practically unattainable, and mostly unknown. Yet who shall talk of known or unknown when we can faithfully repeat this conversation between two members, and not junior members, of a certain University overheard in a railway carriage anent one of these very volumes? 1st M. "This is a cheap edition of Webster's Plays, isn't it?" 2nd M. "Webster? Who's Webster?"

Mr. Appleton Morgan, a light of the New York Shakspeare Society, is very like a light of our own Shakspeare Society proper, only that, as in duty bound, he wears his rue with a difference, and when he changes it (which he frankly admits that he does

not seldom) effects the change with a festive gaiety worthy of a young and light-hearted nation. "William Shakspeare dearly loved a lord," he begins; and this is a fair specimen of his style. For the rest, he appears to have no very fixed principles or ideas, except that Shakspeare must have been a lawyer. But he is no Baconite, puts Mr. Donnelly on a level with Dr. Furnivall, and roundly abuses what he is pleased to call the "aesthetic" critics, who appear to include anybody, from Professor Dowden to Mr. Fleay—the latter of whom we should have thought as little aesthetic as may be. Like most commentators, he is a very great deal better in pulling down than in building up. And, like at least too many of them, he might with great advantage extend his knowledge of English literature generally. One rubs one's eyes at the statement that *All for Love* is a "burlesque" on *Antony and Cleopatra*, but certain other statements about Dryden's work in the same context explain its origin as being simple ignorance. Now, as we have often remarked, it is no disgrace to a man not to have read any particular book or author, for literature, like art, is very long. But then he should not talk as if he had.

The late Dr. Ingleby's "Century" and other contributions to Shakspearian literature showed him as one of the sanest of a set of Shakspearians, among whom sanity is not always the strongest note. His miscellaneous Essays on a wide variety of subjects are frequently interesting, if always a little amateurish, and sometimes quite uncritical. The most valuable is an impartial discussion of the Bacon craze, written before its recent inroad.

Mr. W. T. Brooke, the editor of a new edition of Giles Fletcher's *Christ's Victory*, would appear to be one of those very rare persons who hide lights under bushels instead of representing farthing candles as 100-candle-power lamps. No one would guess from the mere title of his book or from its appearance in a purely theological series the amount of interesting and out-of-the-way literary matter which it contains. *Christ's Victory*, though over-luscious and over-mannered, is no doubt a very fine poem; but it is fairly accessible already in Dr. Grosart's edition, and in the great collections of British poets. The other poems, however, which Mr. Brooke has appended are almost without exception very rare, and many of them will be quite new even to well-read students. They range from quite early Elizabethan or Jacobean pieces to those splendid "Primer" hymns, the attribution of which to Dryden has been more than once discussed in the *Saturday Review*, and they present indisputably the freshest, and not the least interesting, sheaf of sacred verse that has been gathered for many years.

Mr. Quick, the editor of an extremely handsome reprint of the "Positions" of Richard Mulcaster, successively Head-master for many years of Merchant Taylors' and St. Paul's Schools in the days of Eliza and our James, takes, we think, too high a view of his author, and is apparently prejudiced by Mulcaster's anticipation of some modern educational fads. We cannot agree with him that there is anything very remarkable in Mulcaster's recommendations to cultivate the vulgar tongue, considering that Cheke, Wilson, Ascham, and others had long preceded him in this direction; while even the partiality of an editor and rediscoverer is forced to admit that the result of this cultivation in Mulcaster's own case was a very vile English style indeed. Still there is no doubt that this old person, in whom some have seen the original of the Holofernes of *Love's Labour Lost*, and who, in his forty or fifty years of schoolmastering, acquired a reputation for attention to the fundamentals of education which ranks him with Udall, Busby, and Keate, had some wide and liberal views on his art, especially in reference to the education of girls. He seems to us as inferior to Ascham in judgment as in style; but he is valuable and interesting enough to Elizabethan students, even if he be not quite so "unknown" to them as Mr. Quick thinks. The book could hardly have been better produced; but Mr. Quick's modest and interesting appendix might have been, not without advantage, supplemented by notes on the text.

A new edition of the works of Etherege (the original authority for the ugly "Etheredge" is anything but conclusive, and tradition establishes the more elegant form) was much wanted, and nothing could be more satisfactory than the material form (if this be not a bull) of that which Mr. Nimmo has published. Although not of the first interest or importance, "gentle George" is well up in the second rank, and only ill luck and injustice combined could have excluded him from the consecrated group of Wycherley, Congreve, & Co. Indeed, he has a better right there than Farquhar, who, though a much stronger dramatist than Etherege, is of a distinctly later type—eighteenth century, not seventeenth. For Etherege himself we do not grant him the primacy—or, rather, initiation—of the school to the same extent as Mr. Gosse and Mr. Verity do; but he created in Dorimant perhaps its most characteristic figure. His present editor's work is neither bad nor good. Mr. Verity treads so closely in Mr. Gosse's footsteps that he might as well, or better, have simply reprinted the latter's essay, with Hazlitt's brief critical remarks as an appendix. His own criticism is meagre and uncertain, and a critic who seems to think that "the development of prose style after the Restoration" is a discovery of Mr. Matthew Arnold's, has a good deal of the history of his business to learn. But he has given us our Etherege, and he has our thanks.

We never grumble at unpretentious reprints of old books, and it is doubtless well that John Taylor or part of him should be cheaply accessible. To tell the truth, however, the fact of his

comparative inaccessibility is his chief attraction. His verse is without exception wretched doggerel, and though his prose has more merit, we doubt whether it is not almost exclusively a merit of subject—that is to say, that the good waterman tells of old quaint things in a quaint old way. 'Tis good, but it does not make literature. Of a companion reprint of the *Encomium Morie*, or rather of an English translation of it, certainly no one will say that it is not in the original literature; but the charm of Erasmus's Latin is much lost in the version. The woodcuts attributed to Holbein are quaint enough, of course, but the book is rather insufficiently turned out, and there is no editorial apparatus of any kind whatever.

MUSIC AS A TRADE.*

MR. FISHER is verbose, and displays a somewhat irritating tendency to lapse into the use of satire. His intentions are strictly honourable, however, and he seems to know his subject thoroughly, and to have considered it with care from ever so many points of view. His book is therefore one to read. The time has come when the musical profession has begun to feel the condition of disorganization in which it has so long existed as anything but a blessing; and there can be no doubt that, the fact once perceived, the achievement of reform is only a question of time. In clearing the ground for a beginning, in showing what has perforce to be endured, and in indicating the directions in which amendment must be sought, Mr. Fisher will be found, we apprehend, to have done the cause for which he labours good and lasting service.

His book may be described as a kind of congress in print. Not only has he thought things out for himself; but he has also been at great pains to discover and collect the conclusions of his fellow-musicians. It was impossible, he found, to achieve this result by means of "the peculiarly American device called the 'interview'"; so he adopted other means, and effected his purpose "by the issue of sheets of questions relating to the various topics" which he had pricked down for discussion. His action was so well received as to show, he opines, that the design of his book is very generally applauded. A great number of the replies received in this way are quoted; indeed Mr. Fisher has drawn so liberally upon his correspondents for material that *The Profession of Music* may fairly be called a representative book. His first chapter, "Entering the Profession," is a good example of the way in which his work has been done. One of his questions ran thus:—"Will you add any hints or experiences which may be useful to those entering the profession?" The answer in a certain number of cases was simply, "Don't enter it at all." Sometimes it was qualified; sometimes it was not. But the impression conveyed by this set of replies is that the profession is dreadfully overcrowded, and that, in the absence of a distinct and very serious call, the best thing to do is to let it severely alone. "Better," says Mr. Fisher himself, "be an efficient chimney-sweep than an ill-equipped teacher of music"; and, as we think, the terms in which he puts his case are not half persuasive enough. The musical gift—like those of painting, sculpture, acting, all the arts, in fact—is not a universal possession, and the amount of time and money and energy that is wasted in developing it in subjects altogether innocent of its presence in the meanest form is merely incalculable. Where the subject is only the average schoolgirl not much harm is done:—the young lady takes her lessons dutifully, strums her "scales" and her "pieces" over day by day, and declines (if she be a girl of sense) to open her piano from the moment that she becomes her own mistress. But, more often than not, the subject is induced to take to music as a means of livelihood. Bradley Headstone is a capital type of the teacher, as he has been developed to suit the exigencies of modern civilization; and it is recorded of him that he could "blow various wind instruments mechanically, even play the church organ mechanically." There are plenty of Bradley Headstones in the musical profession, no doubt; and, for the sake of music, it is devoutly to be wished that there were none of them at all. Their influence on the unmusical is harmless enough; their effect upon such of their pupils as have the gift we take to be pernicious in the highest degree. Many an ear is demoralized by having to depend for its conception of time and tune upon a teacher totally wanting in the sense of tune and time; many a touch is irretrievably ruined under the fostering care of a master whose hand upon the keyboard is on the whole less variable than the hammerman's upon the anvil. It is impossible, indeed, to insist too strongly on the virtues of Mr. Fisher's first prescription. Of course there is music and music. One recalls the steady roar of the Handel Festival, for instance, and the joy in the late Sir Michael Costa's "orchestra of salt-box, tongs, and bones" of the "amiable wild beast" who makes the Handel Festival his own; and one has perforce to conclude that of music in the right sense the British public knows little and cares less. But the taste for the other sort of music—the stupid, common, and popular sort—is capable of education after its kind; and it is not to be denied, we take it, that the music-master has in him to make it or to mar. To lay the immense vulgarity of the Handel Festival tradition at his door would scarce be fair; but it is hard

to refrain from the belief that, if he were really up to his work—if he were capable of giving his pupils a lead—our friend, the Amiable Wild Beast aforesaid, would not exult in Costalism as it is evident he does.

Mr. Fisher has plenty of suggestive stuff to repeat, or say, for himself on a great variety of topics. His chapters on "Amateurs," for instance, are both excellent; and so are his remarks on "Choral and Orchestral Societies," on "Public Music Schools," on "Examinations," and on "Degrees and Diplomas." In treating of "The Organist and his Vicar" he makes it plain that the belief of the profession is that the Vicar's habit is to make his Organist uncomfortable. There are many exceptions; but that appears to be the rule. His own theory appears to be that there are very often faults on both sides. The Vicar is ignorant and peremptory; the Organist is stiffnecked and uncivil; friction is set up between them; and the Organist, as the weaker vessel, gets the worst of the debate, and sets up for a misanthropist, as far as the whole race of Vicars is concerned, for the rest of his life. It must be admitted that the Organist who is mated with an unmusical Vicar, or with a Vicar like unto those of whom it is here reported that "they have actually dictated to the Organist what kind of Voluntaries he should perform," is, on the face of it, uncomfortably placed. But one would like to have the views of a certain number of Vicars as well; and in this direction statistics are wanting.

SUPPLEMENTAL NIGHTS.*

WITH the third volume in hand no one can say that Sir Richard Burton does not give his subscribers pennyworth. It is the fattest of the long series, but it also contains perhaps the most interesting of those wonderful tales for which the *Thousand and One Nights* are celebrated. We have before us "Alaeddin; or, the Wonderful Lamp," "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," and the hardly less popular "Tale of Zayn al Asnam," or the "Dream of Riches."

The absence of "Alaeddin" from Mr. John Payne's admirable translation, published by the Villon Society, was a sad disappointment to the members of that Society; but, in truth, until quite lately, "Alaeddin," as introduced to Europe by Galland, was conspicuous in its absence from all Eastern copies of the "Nights," whether in the Arabic original, or the Turkish, Persian, or Hindustani translations. By great good luck, however, M. Zotenberg, Keeper of the Oriental Manuscripts at the Bibliothèque Nationale, very lately purchased two volumes of Arabic tales. These were copied about the beginning of the present century from a MS. written in A.D. 1703, and on examination the volumes were found to contain the long-lost original in Arabic of "Aladdin" and "Zayn al Asnam." To obtain an Eastern version of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" Sir Richard has had to turn to India. This story, with half a dozen others, he has put into English from the Hindustani translation of Totârâm Shayân, lithographed about twenty years ago at Bombay with the quaintest of illustrations. Now this Totârâm Shayân had merely remodelled the work of a certain Munshi 'Abd al Karim (adding thereto couplets from the Persian poets, and dressing out his Hindustani with ornate metaphors culled from the Persian and Arabic); while all that 'Abd al Karim had done was to turn into Hindustani Edward Forster's English edition of the *Arabian Nights* of Galland. Sir Richard's "Ali Baba," therefore, is a translation of a Hindustani version of Forster's Anglicized edition of the French. A genuine Eastern version of "Ali Baba" does not, unfortunately, exist, as far as is yet known. It may, however, be conceded, as is urged by Sir Richard, that this and the remainder of Galland's celebrated tales have in Totârâm Shayân's hands become "sufficiently Orientalized and divested of their inordinate Gallicism, especially their longsome dialogue, by being converted into Hindustani." Still, with all Sir Richard's literary skill in doing what he terms "impressing the manner with my own sign manual," these tales translated from the Indian version have a different ring about them to those given from the Arabic direct. The present is a vast degree better than Galland, as all must admit, but there is, none the less, a lack of that vigorous descriptive power which was notable in the tales from the Arabic. The Indian is abrupt without being terse, and wants dramatic effect. Take, for instance, the climax of "Ali Baba," where the maid Morgiana goes to the shed to get oil for her lamp, and finds that all the jars but one are oil-less, and that there is a robber in each:—

Then passed she on to the furthest jar, and, finding it brimming with oil, filled her can, and returning to the kitchen trimmed the lamp and lit the wicks; then, bringing forth a large cauldron, she set it upon the fire, and filling it with oil from out the jar heaped wood upon the hearth and fanned it to a fierce flame the reader to boil its contents. When this was done she baled it out in potfuls and poured it seething hot into the leathern vessels one by one, while the thieves, unable to escape, were scalded to death, and every jar contained a corpse. Thus did this slave-girl by her subtle wit make a clean end of all, noiselessly and unknown even to the dwellers in the house.

In contrast to the above, we may quote a passage from "Alaeddin," and will choose as very Arab in character the celebrated scene of the sale of the Lamp:—

Presently he [the Magrabi Magician] began wandering about the high-

* *Supplemental Nights to the Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night*. With Notes Anthropological and Explanatory. By Richard F. Burton. Vols. III. and IV. Benares: printed by the Kamashastra Society for Private Subscribers only.

* *The Profession of Music*. By Henry Fisher, Mus. Doc. London: Curwen.

ways and market-streets of the capital, crying aloud "Ho! who will exchange old lamps for new lamps?" But when the folk heard him cry on this wise they derided him and said, "Doubtless this man is Jinn-mad, for he goeth about offering new for old"; and a world followed him, and the children of the quarter caught him up from place to place, laughing at him the while, nor did he forbid them or care for their maltreatment. And he ceased not strolling about the streets till he came under Aladdin's pavilion, where he shouted with his loudest voice, and the boys screamed at him, "A madman! A madman!" Now destiny had decreed that the Lady Badr-al-Budur be sitting in her kiosque, whence she heard one crying like a cryer, and the children bawling at him; only she understood not what was going on; so she gave orders to one of her slave-girls saying, "Go thou and see who 'tis that crieth, and what be his cry?" The girl fared forth and looked on, when she beheld a man crying. "Ho! who will exchange old lamps for new lamps?" and the little ones pursuing and laughing at him; and as loudly laughed the Princess when this strange case was told to her. Now, Aladdin had carelessly left the Lamp in his pavilion, without hiding it and locking it up in his strong box; and one of the slave-girls who had seen it said, "O my lady, I think to have noticed in the apartment of my Lord Aladdin an old lamp; so let us give it in change for a new lamp to this man, and see if his crying be truth or lie." Hereupon the Princess said to the slave-girl, "Bring the old lamp which thou saidst to have seen in my lord's apartment." Now the Lady Badr-al-Budur knew naught of the Lamp or the specialties thereof, which had raised Aladdin, her spouse, to such high degree and grandeur, and her only end and aim was to understand by experiment the mind of a man who would give in exchange the new for the old. So the handmaid fared forth and went up to Aladdin's apartment and returned with the Lamp to her lady, who, like all the others, knew nothing of the Magrabi's cunning tricks and his crafty device. Then the Princess bade an Agha of the eunuchry go down and barter the old Lamp for a new lamp. So he obeyed her bidding, and, after taking a new lamp from the man, he returned and laid it before his lady, who, looking at it and seeing it was brand-new, fell to laughing at the Moor-man's wits.

The fourth volume of the *Supplemental Nights* contains the tales found in the Wortley-Montague manuscript, which, in many volumes, reposes on the shelves of the Bodleian at Oxford. Their contents are already known to English readers from the version made of them by Dr. Jonathan Scott in 1811, who published, in five volumes 8vo., a translation of the *Thousand and One Nights*, drawn from this and other sources. Dr. Scott, however, had an almost fanatical admiration for Galland and his literary style, which, though excellent, when judged from the point of view of the French Academy, produces very jejune results in English. In truth, "Scott out-Gallanded Galland," as Sir Richard remarks; and his work sets before his readers a "pseudo-Eastern world of Western marionettes, garbed in the gear which Asiatics are (or were) supposed to wear, with sentiments and opinions, manners and morals to match; the whole utterly lacking life, local colour, vraisemblance, human interest." Sir Richard has therefore translated these tales afresh; and, though they cannot be said to stand on a par with "Aladdin" or "Ali Baba," many are quaint and interesting, and all are worth reading for the portrait they give of Eastern life. Some are good specimens of the rollicking humour (closely allied to the practical joke) in which to the present day Easterns of all classes delight; as an instance may be cited the "History of the Kazi who Bare a Babe" in the present volume—which, however, is unfortunately too long for quotation.

It is unfortunate that Sir Richard should have had much difficulty in obtaining an exact copy of this Bodleian MS. It is fair to say, however, that in order to judge the matter it is necessary to take into account the changed regulations of the Library and the very strong feeling in Oxford on the subject of the loan of books and MSS. which brought about that change. As we have formerly said, it is very undesirable that obstacles should be thrown in the way of publication of valuable matter; but it is still more desirable that things which cannot be replaced when lost should not leave the custody of their responsible owners.

Despite these obstacles Sir Richard attained his ends; but only through the munificence of a private friend. It was found impossible to get any one for love or money, at Oxford, to copy out the text. "In London several Easterns were described as able and willing for the work, but they also were found wanting; one could not be trusted with the MS., and another was marriage-mad." Ultimately, backed by the means above-stated, a London firm was found who undertook to photograph, on a reduced scale, each page of the original, and thus "the four hundred and odd pages were reproduced in most satisfactory style."

PHYSIOGNOMY MADE EASY.*

PHYSIOGNOMY is at once an art and a science, requiring the use of art rules of selection and combination, together with the employment of scientific methods of investigation. Art being long and science very much longer, there are now royal roads to learning and physiognomy made easy. As taught in this little pamphlet the art would delight a cynic. No one could possibly hope to be otherwise than misunderstood for the rest of their lives if judged by these rules. A hundred and fifty-seven names of tastes and qualities are mapped out upon the face, mostly in minute squares and strange four-cornered shapes. There is no provision made for any face that shall not adapt itself to this peculiar measurement, though, as it professes to follow the muscles and bones in outline, the consequent variations must be infinite. If anything could add to the bewildering effect of a diagram of a face covered with streaks, it is the juxtaposition

of the qualities and tastes intended to be indicated by them. A certain fitness can be discerned in the quality of command lying next to nouns and adjectives if one is ordered to learn them; but how can enjoyment find a footing beside participles unless in a grammarian? We notice that subterfuge has seized upon adverbs—a mark which a schoolboy would gladly discover in his master's face—whilst verbs have sympathy for their soothing companion, and prepositions are unexpectedly next to integrity. They all cluster about the eyebrow together with revenge. If the brow should be raised in astonishment will the verbs lose their sympathy? and what will become of the integrity of the prepositions? They will get sadly mixed with lightness and fluidity, which lie just above. A taste for clothing is limited to a small portion of one side of the bone of the nose. Hurling and whirling come together near the ear, and are wonderfully accompanied by sleep, repose, and rest. After this it is no marvel that politeness is next door to surprise, and philanthropy and jealousy go hand in hand somewhere along the chin. Rapture resides in a corner of the eyelid, but there is scarcely any room left for it, and we must beware of confusing it with punctuality, which swoops down on its ill-defined borders. Men of science must be warned that the self-same piece of the lower eyelid devoted to mathematical truth is also at the same time the painful abode of humility and apology. Industry and independence reside in the neck, which contrives besides to possess submission and subserviency on its elastic surface. Only ten qualities are allowed to the hair, according to its colour, coarseness, fineness, straightness, or curliness. Red hair denotes vanity, and golden hair means caprice. It more often means hair-wash. After getting greatly varied and contradictory information out of the mysterious patchwork of passions branded on the face, we are allowed to consider the outlines of the features as well. To be brief, nearly every kind of nose should be shunned for aggressive or defective qualities. If it turns up it is inquisitive, if it turns down it is suspicious, when hooked it means attack, when straight it is at the mercy of its own artistic tastes, whatever that may mean. The mouth should be a perfect bow, and anything short of this is severely blamed. Every kind of chin, on the contrary, finds favour with this writer. It denotes firmness and affection of every admirable and even obstinate degree. The eyes do not escape criticism; each colour has several qualities more or less unpleasant, with one or two trifling exceptions. Whether eyes are long or round we must avoid opening them wider than usual, as this would certify the absence of a correct, mature, sound understanding. Why, then, does Millais's portrait of Mr. Gladstone represent his eyes as unusually wide open? Lines on the forehead, which are generally attributed to the wear and tear of years, bad temper, or many troubles, have very different things to answer for on this occasion. It is, indeed, melancholy to learn that the identical lines that indicate stupidity have to do duty in marking the possession of genius. Many and many a time have geese been taken for swans, and now the mystery is solved, for here it is proved that geese are actually swans. This certainly accounts for the influx of genius in the market of late. This new discovery is grateful to the perplexed student of human nature.

It is hardly a matter of question that physiognomy of this delightfully easy kind is useless for ordinary purposes. The happy vagueness of the natural eye cannot take in the eighth of an inch at a glance, and the contented uncertainty of the natural memory will not care to hold the names of the qualities in their proper sequence, ready to be adjusted to the impossibly right place at the right time. Careful and accurate observation may be fostered by the practice of the art of physiognomy within certain limits; but as it may also induce a habit of rude staring, this may be the occult reason why politeness is placed beside surprise, since it would be surprising if politeness survived in a too ardent student of the network style of the art. This was exemplified nevertheless in the writer of the pamphlet, whose efforts at character delineation at the Silver Fête lately proved a powerful attraction to many hundreds. With the conscientious and polite scrutiny of the glad and eager faces presented to her inspection on those days, the lady physiognomist showed how her varied lore should be applied. There was only the slight drawback that the qualities did not exactly fit the recipients; but the pleasure to themselves and the profit to the Victoria Hospital were equally undoubted.

The more we examine our fellow-creatures with a view of tabulating the results, the less do we find them to be like architectural designs that can be punctually referred to one of the five orders. Shakspeare, who is regarded as the prince of observers, went so far as to say

There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.

Much of his observation lay of necessity amongst actors, whose professional object is to present an appearance not their own. Euripides also says there is no mark to distinguish a bad man from a good man. Yet actors themselves, by making up their faces in character, show that they at least believe some sort of easily recognizable marks are to be found in the looks of certain characters. Cicero, on the other hand, is a classical authority that the hidden character is shown in the face. Perhaps in that case it can hardly be called hidden. Most people have a positive prejudice in favour of some one of the features. The criterion is generally the beauty of that feature. Here nature once more comes to our assistance, and makes us think our friends beautiful,

* *Physiognomy made Easy*. Compiled by Annie J. Oppenheim.

whatever they may appear to other eyes. The snub-nose itself becomes "tip-tilted." This is the very poetry of the art of physiognomy, before which science retreats and takes refuge in humility and apology.

TWO BOOKS OF EXPLORATION AND TRAVEL.*

THAT a resident of a prosperous colony which has just celebrated its centenary should be anxious in his turn to found new settlements is what we should expect. England has shown the way and Australia must follow. Captain Strachan happened to visit New Guinea in 1874-5, and was so struck by it that ten years afterwards he set about surveying the coast, sailing up large rivers, and making short trips into the interior. Captain Strachan's first equipment was decidedly moderate. He bought a small lugger of seven tons burden, at Thursday Island, which, it is very necessary to inform the reader, is the most northern of Australian ports, and was at that time the residence of the adventurous official colonist who quietly annexed New Guinea on behalf of the Government of Queensland. With slender means, a small crew, an interpreter or two, and now and then a stray Papuan, the author made no less than three expeditions in not quite as many years. The island itself he aptly compares to a large bird, beak, tail, and talons. It is about 1,200 miles long by some 380 miles broad, and though mentioned as a land of rare promise, in a map published in the middle of the last century, it may be doubted whether we know more of its interior than we did of Central Asia twenty-five years ago or than we know of Central Africa now. Indeed, but for the exploration of Captain Moresby, the publications of Mr. Wallace, and the proceedings of the Government of the Netherlands, New Guinea would be to the world what it was in the days of Abel Tasman.

There was naturally a good deal of sameness in the three expeditions and in the author's dealings with the natives. They sailed out on his approach in proas of a warlike aspect. They were more than once suspected of designs against the lives and properties of the adventurers. They put ridiculous prices on such products of the island as they offered for sale—sago, ebony, walnut, nutmeg, tortoise and pearl shells, and *Misoi*, from the bark of which a valuable oil is distilled. They also told packs of lies, and one tribe was addicted to horrible vices. The country, though Captain Strachan dwells on the extreme loveliness of certain spots, the combination of wood and water, the gorgeous plumage of the birds, and the variety of insect life, seems to us in many points to be as unattractive as the inhabitants. Some parts of the coast are lined by long banks of mud where boats cannot float and where men sink up to their waists. On others there are dangerous reefs of coral. Here and there the water deepens at once, and you can sail along in perfect security within a stone's throw of the cliffs. On his first trip Captain Strachan went up a fine river known as the *Mia Kasa*, and discovered divers tributaries on which he bestowed what to his fellow-colonists may seem appropriate names. A great firm at Melbourne gives its name to one. Another is called Prince Leopold. But surely the author's friend Tokuda, the Imperial Commissioner for Japan, had hardly any business *dans cette galère*. Was there no Governor, local magnate, or Prime Minister, who had a claim to be godfather to some new and splendid affluent? The names of Mr. Service or Mr. Dalley will occur to the readers of Mr. Froude or Baron Hübnér's travels. A stop was put to the first expedition by a fallen tree, which lay right athwart the stream like the broken bridge in "Horatius." And further complications were caused by the natives, who came down in twenty or thirty canoes and were only kept off by rockets. Captain Strachan thought it prudent to sink his boat, abandon his lugger, and march back to the coast, through a very difficult country, consisting of forest, swamp, scrub, and rivers that could not be forded. The retreat was effected in safety, the only untoward event being the loss of a native-born Australian named Scott, who was drowned in attempting to cross from the mainland to the Island of Saibai on a badly-made raft.

In 1885 the author started with a good schooner, a steam launch, and a party of eighteen men; and after steaming up the Prince Leopold River, explored the east of the island in the direction of the source of the Katow River. Here he made acquaintance with the chief of the Daubo tribe, one Emari, "a noted warrior whose face was scarred all over with wounds." This man, however, welcomed the strangers, and was duly rewarded with axes, knives, and some tobacco. The regulation which imposes a fine on any white man who gives or sells guns and ammunition to these savages often placed Captain Strachan in a dilemma. He had either to break the law or to lose a good opportunity of making friends. During this expedition the author purchased an idol which he calls *Seegur*—a proceeding, we should say, of a very risky kind. It was, however, carried off in safety

and sold to the trustees of the museum at Sydney for twenty pounds. Supporters of Foreign Missions will be glad to learn that this sum was presented to the London Missionary Society, and went to support a native teacher for two years. The third expedition was devoted to the north-west part of the island, but little or nothing was done to explore the interior. Once when the author landed and the attitude of the natives was threatening, an admirable effect was produced by the simple expedient of throwing a charge of dynamite amongst a shoal of fishes. Thousands were stunned and captured. The inhabitants needed no other argument to convince them that these terrible white men were best let alone. Shortly afterwards Captain Strachan was in greater peril from a waterspout. Six watery columns bore down, like a hostile fleet, on his ship; and the largest, which threw up spray to the height of thirty or forty feet, was not dispersed by rifle-shots till it had come within five hundred yards of the vessel.

Captain Strachan has corrected sundry mistakes in geography into which the Dutch had fallen. And we give him all credit for nerve, energy, tact, and avoidance of causes of offence. But we can hardly share his anticipations of the prosperous future in store for settlers in such a Land of Promise. Perhaps it is more correct to say that there is a wide chasm to be bridged over between these hurried visits and the permanent occupation of scrub and harbour for the ends of agriculture and commerce. Part of New Guinea has been annexed by the Dutch; and if, as Captain Strachan shows, they have done little or nothing as civilizing occupants, it may be that there is as yet nothing to be done. It is all very well to argue that Europe is overcrowded, and that Papua has ample space for numerous enterprising settlers, with due reservation of the rights of a scanty, idle, indigenous population. But men of capital may doubt about embarking it in a country with a tropical rainfall, plagues of insects, and chances of disease. They may be inclined to discount glowing descriptions of "open forest," "high land and heavy timber," and "splendid and well-watered country." Then cannibals and savages must be taken into account. Something may be done to develop and encourage trade at suitable harbours on the coast or at the mouths of navigable rivers, in wood, nutmeg, and spices. But Australians will probably prefer playing cricket-matches in England to settling down in Papua.

Captain Gilmore's notions of adventure are very different from those of Captain Strachan. The author of divers works on sport was rarely on the look-out for places suitable for colonists. His field of operations on this last occasion was the tract of land north-west of the Orange River in South Africa, known as the Kalihari or Kaligarri desert. Once he alludes to traces of former cultivation, and as he was not troubled by the tsetse fly, he can speak in glowing terms of the beauty of the climate, the long stretches of grassy plains dotted with clumps of trees, and the Vleys or pools, which, it must be said, occasionally dry up and become mere beds of salt, and at other times are systematically poisoned by the natives. Captain Gilmore is, of course, a mighty hunter; but it is one merit of his work that he never wearies his readers with too many accounts of successful stalks and wonderful shots at long distances, and that he never perpetrates unnecessary slaughter. Naturally he had to shoot for the larder, and in a country which still numbers large herds of antelopes and hogs, the rifle was never out of his hand; for, as other sportsmen well know, the best chances occur at unexpected moments when the hunter is taking his morning or evening stroll. He is a good judge of character; he describes scenery with graphic fidelity; and, like all first-class sportsmen, has studied natural history. He was fond of pets, and the freaks and rogueries of a tame baboon that accompanied his camp are amusingly told. But the most curious incident is the capture of two lion cubs, male and female, known as Leo and Juno. These animals had been caught by three Makalalas, vassals of the Matabele, who were about concluding a bargain for their sale to the author, when the inchoate contract was rudely disturbed by the sudden appearance of the lioness. She had evidently tracked the spoilers, and came down *au pas de charge* on the party, when two shots from the express rifle stopped her. The author notes that the growl which she gave previous to the charge was different from anything he had ever heard emitted by any of the lion tribe. The cubs, after the death of their mother, might have been starved to death; but they were fed first on milk and porridge, and eventually suckled by a she-goat, which in a week or two lovingly licked and dressed the coats of her foster-children. The end of this episode is sad. As the cubs grew up the tendencies of their race were irrepressible; the pet baboon that had fed on the vermin of their bodies kept at a distance. They were shunned by cattle, horses, dogs, and men, and abandoned by every creature except the nanny-goat, their foster-mother, which still played with her pets. In a sudden quarrel the mother administered to the cubs a sharp prick with her horns, and in a moment "her neck was broken and a large piece was torn out of her hind quarters." This settled their fate. From morose they became savage, and Captain Gilmore despatched them to Pretoria, to be kept, we apprehend, in confinement there, or perhaps shipped to England. By the carelessness of the Dutch drivers on the road, they both escaped from their box, and the male was killed, the female getting away to the desert with her collar on. The author fears it must have strangled her. The impossibility of taming any such animals was long ago predicted by the philo-

* *Explorations and Adventures in New Guinea.* By Captain John Strachan, F.R.G.S., F.R.C.I. of Sydney. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1888.

Days and Nights by the Desert. By Parker Gilmore (Ubique), Author of the "Great Thirst Land," "Gun, Rod, and Saddle." With numerous Illustrations. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1888.

sopher-poet of Shiraz, in a couplet which Mahomedans are fond of quoting to this day:—

Akibat gurg-zadah gurg shavad
Gärcheh ba admi buzurg shavad.

In the end the whelp of the wolf will become a wolf, even though he grow big among men.

Some of Captain Gilmore's human acquaintances were as objectionable as Leo and Juno. A West Indian negro was taken into service inadvertently as a Kafir or Zulu; but he knew nothing about horses, and soon succumbed to fatigue and exposure. His place was filled by a Hottentot nicknamed "Cigar," who was credited with the death of more than one white man. Kind treatment, perfect trust, and companionship in danger made him an admirable servant, whatever Irish "mistakes" he might previously have committed. And some of his encounters with wild beasts, which we credit on the writer's authority, surpass in exciting details those of Captain Gilmore himself. We shall not spoil the reader's enjoyment by any attempt to analyse them.

Captain Gilmore's volume is fertile in hints and instructions to all sportsmen. Never expose yourself, he says, to the rays of the sun on an empty stomach. Every Anglo-Indian sportsman will quite admit the necessity for the slice of toast, the cup of coffee, and the poached egg, before he mounts either his elephant or his Arab horse as the day is breaking. It is advisable that hunters should be able to skin a leopard or lion with a long knife, to cut and shape a new pole for the waggon, in the event of an accident, with an adze and an auger, and to provide against other disasters when trekking over a country full of ruts and boulders. Springboks, and other horned animals, when killed, should be deprived of their horns before the carcasses are thrown over the horse. The heads are sure to sway and dangle, and their horns make most horses unmanageable, if they do not injure the flanks. In trekking all loose beasts should go ahead of the waggons. Lions are sure to be on the watch for anything that straggles and lingers behind. It is almost superfluous to say that the roof of the waggon should be waterproof; that all fastenings, pins, bolts, gun-cases, and wrappings should be carefully looked to before any start is made; that plenty of ammunition should be taken, and yet that it should be kept away from any metal that may act as a conductor during a storm. The description of a thunderstorm at night—first the wind, then the vivid lightning, and after both a tropical downpour—is in the very best style. In an hour all is over, and the country is again bathed in moonlight so clear that you can sew on a button, mend a rent, or read the figures of a timepiece without the aid of a candle. The author's battery of seventeen guns of various sizes and calibres, from the shot-gun to the double-express and the Martini-Henri rifle, is really none too large or varied for such an expedition. The common fowling-piece was, we gather, but seldom used, though guinea-fowl, quail, and waders and divers were numerous in certain places. But the author's business was with the harte-beest, the gemsbok, the wild boar, and the lion. That this last animal makes a concerted attack on a camp, and that different duties are allotted by agreement to the old and the young respectively, there seems no reason to doubt. The aged and decrepit lion is sent to windward to disturb the bullocks by his effluvia. The young and active members of the party are stationed to leewards to cut off the retreat of the cattle when they break loose from their tether. We can credit this account as we can that of dogs hunting in packs, of puff-adders stalking the sand-grouse, and of the cheeta, which, for three or four bounds, can exceed in velocity any other animal, be it sassabe, springbok, or harte-beest. It only remains to add that the work is adorned with some excellent illustrations of the various wild animals of South Africa, and that the fame of Gordon Cumming still survives amongst native chiefs in the neighbourhood of the Honey Vley on the eastern margin of the Kalihari desert.

MY UNCLE BARBASSOU.*

WHEN, some twelve years ago, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* published *Mon Oncle Barbassou* there may have been a certain class of readers who hailed with satisfaction what seemed a new departure in the editing of that hitherto very select publication. But the majority of the subscribers must undoubtedly have noticed with other feelings the admission of M. Mario Uchard's "discreet" stories to the place that had been filled by George Sand, Octave Feuillet, Turgueneff, Greville, Cherbuliez, and other writers of similar status. For *My Uncle Barbassou* belongs to that class of books the translation of which publishers find it profitable to advertise as being "without abridgment." The present edition is furthermore illustrated by a number of etchings by Paul Avril, charming as his vignettes usually are, some of which are obviously calculated to counteract any doubt as to the meaning of the nebulous phrases, the cleverly contrived amphibologies, in which the author describes the exotic delights of the Harem.

M. Uchard's stories are usually fertile in those situations coarseness which are so characteristic of modern French comedy; and the experiences of the modern Parisian young man, who, on

the supposed demise of his uncle, inherits, with the rest of his personality, a choice and scientifically varied selection of new brides awaiting at the time, in a sort of Buen Retiro, somewhere in the South of France, the return of their unknown lord, Barbassou Pasha, are, no doubt, themes which afford a writer of this class ample opportunity to show his peculiar talent. Topics of such a kind naturally require careful handling, but it must be owned that M. Uchard is at least equal to the task he has selected. With a judicious mixture of vivacious dialogue starting in *medias res*, of letters dealing in retrospective explanations, and of sufficiently chastened narrative, are related the polygamous vagaries of Captain Barbassou, the *bonnes fortunes* of his heir, and his subsequent tribulations when the hitherto submissive Peris have been foolishly introduced to the theories of occidental civilization concerning feminine independence.

Captain Barbassou is an impossible, and, on the whole, not very amusing, character, a compound of sea dog and merchant prince, soldier of fortune and traveller of the audacious, incredibly lucky type dear to Jules Verne, who, to gain the independence necessary to his tastes, embraces early in life the Islamite persuasion—a circumstance which, in some unexplained manner, does not prevent him becoming a Count of the Holy Empire. On his return, at the beginning of the story, he finds it convenient, in consideration of his presumed decease, legally attested, to allow his nephew to retain the inheritance and discharge its responsibility. Henceforth, in the absurd character of feu-Barbassou, he appears in and out of the story, choruslike, to deliver himself of elaborately cynical precepts, advice, and consolation.

Poor as the plot and characters are, doubtful as may be its morality, although it ends, somewhat lamely, in true love and marriage, the book is amusingly written. The translation is tolerably equivalent to the original; but it no doubt requires a curiously elastic criterion of literary merit, even in these decadent days, for a publisher to class *My Uncle Barbassou* among the "masterpieces of French fiction"!

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.*

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH appears to have requested that no Memoir of him might be written, and his family of course respect his wish. They have, however, rightly judged that many besides themselves would eagerly welcome some memorials of his life and work, and have placed what remains of his correspondence in the hands of one to whom the task of preparing the volumes before us must in the highest degree have been a labour of love. The result has been the production of a book of great value, both as a picture of the Archbishop's life and as a contribution to ecclesiastical biography. Few men have so perfectly represented the spirit of the Church of England as Richard Chenevix Trench. Besides being master of much sound learning, especially on theological subjects, he had a wide range of literary cultivation. The deep religious feeling that is conspicuous in his letters and in his many works, both in prose and verse, was of a lofty and sober kind; for he loved, and held fast to, the traditions of Christian antiquity. For many years his private life, his writings, and his preaching adorned the Church of England; the latter portion of his career is memorable for his unselfish and not altogether unavailing struggle to maintain unimpaired the standard of Anglican doctrine and practice in the disestablished Church in Ireland. From these letters it is possible to gain a fairly complete idea of his inner life, of the progress of his intellectual and spiritual growth, and of the place that he is entitled to hold in the history of the Church. They begin with his undergraduate days at Cambridge, where, in common with F. D. Maurice, Sterling, Blakesley, the late Dean of Lincoln, J. A. Kemble, and Donne, he was a member of the "Apostles" Society. Other Cambridge men, of a later University generation, whose names are famous, and among them Arthur Hallam and Tennyson, were added to his circle of friends. With some of these he lived on terms of the closest intimacy; and his affection for them, which remained undiminished to the last, was more tender and more outspoken than is usual among men. Their letters to him fill a large part of the first of these volumes. Some of them are interesting, especially those of the unstable Sterling; but we should have been better pleased if it had been possible to have had more of Trench's own letters in exchange for them. Still they serve to show the intellectual atmosphere in which he lived for some years, and give a good idea of the general characteristics of the "Apostles," young men of great abilities and earnestness, and of high, though somewhat vague, hopes, with a strong admiration for one another, a disposition to be over-critical as regards the world at large, and a belief that they were called to set it right. The foolish attempt to organize a revolution in Spain, in which Trench and some of his friends took part, forms the subject of several letters. While a mere lad Trench was much moved by the misfortunes of the exiled Spaniards; he learnt Spanish, and his interest in the affairs of Spain was increased when he visited that country in the course of a long tour that he made after taking his degree. During the visit he made some translations from Calderon; he constantly studied Calderon's

* *My Uncle Barbassou*. By Mario Uchard. Illustrated with Forty Etchings by Paul Avril. London: Vizetelly & Co. 1888.

* *Richard Chenevix Trench, Archbishop—Letters and Memorials*. Edited by the Author of "Charles Lowder." 2 vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1888.

plays in later years, and in 1880 published his translations from *La Vida es Sueño* and one of the *autos* in a delightful volume on the "Life and Genius" of the poet. On his return to England he found Sterling and others of his friends plotting with the exiled General Torrijos against Ferdinand VII. He joined them, went out to Gibraltar, and, unlike poor Boyd, came back safe. As far as we can judge from these letters, he was led to take part in this adventure not so much by political sympathy as by a desire to do something that would satisfy his own undefined aspirations. "It is," he wrote to Donne, "action, action, action that we want, and I would willingly go did I only find in the enterprise a pledge of my own earnestness." His letters show that he was restless and dissatisfied with himself. Soon after he came back from Gibraltar he found comfort in religion. About this time he became engaged, and his marriage not only increased his happiness, but evidently helped him spiritually. When he was in London, after his ordination in 1832, Mrs. Trench was anxious "lest he should be given over into the hands of Irving"; he constantly attended Irving's church, and wrote her full accounts of the teaching he heard there and the grounds on which he was led to reject it.

There can be little doubt that Trench's views on Church matters were affected by his association with J. H. Rose, the rector of Hadleigh, where he served his first curacy. Rose was then editing the *British Magazine*, which did much for the revival of Churchmanship, and Trench was present at the "Great Conference," as he used to call it, which was held at Rose's house in 1833, on the prevailing tendency to set at naught primitive practices in religious offices. A failure in health obliged him to spend the winter of 1834-5 in Italy; and there he learnt Italian and studied Italian literature. By this time he was deeply interested in theology, and while holding the living of Curdridge, to which he was appointed on his return, acquired that rare acquaintance with the patristic writings which gives a special value to his books on the Parables and Miracles. At Curdridge began his friendship with Archdeacon, afterwards Bishop, Wilberforce, who, though in many ways a man of different tastes, fully appreciated his piety and his scholarly mind. Domestic troubles came on both of them and drew them close together. Trench was heavily tried by the deaths of several of his children, and the references in his letters to these losses show how deeply he felt and how manfully he bore them. He became Wilberforce's curate, and later, when holding the living of Itchenstoke, his examining chaplain. Ordination time at Cuddesdon was always a season of much happiness as well as of much anxiety and labour, and he retained his examinership after he became Dean of Westminster. The premature announcement in the *Times* that he had been appointed to the see of Gloucester and Bristol caused him great annoyance. "It was the first," the editor tells us, "that he had heard on the subject." A note should have been given explaining Lord Palmerston's action in the matter, and another on what Trench says with reference to an article in the *Record*, about which he took legal advice. His life at Westminster is scantily illustrated. It was saddened by the loss of two of his sons in one year, but in other respects was evidently happy. His literary activity continued; and his book on the *Synonyms of the New Testament* was received with delight by all workers in the same field. He took a prominent part in opening the Abbey for service on Sunday evenings, and, as will be seen in a letter from Canon Liddon, exercised a stimulating influence on younger students of theology.

When Trench accepted the archbishopric of Dublin in 1863, he did so, "not with pleasure, but as a matter of duty." Apart from such reasons as distrust of his own ability—and he was not only sincerely humble, but perhaps almost too prone to lean on the judgment of others—he knew that the Church in Ireland was grievously lacking in "life, and hope, and vigour." Besides, although he held no extreme views, he believed that he should in many things offend the "high Protestants," who were, of course, the dominant party in the Church. Some notices will be found of the character of his rule during the first three years of his archiepiscopate, of his attempts to throw life into the ecclesiastical system, and to correct breaches of order, such as irregular preaching and evening Communion. On one occasion he had to encounter violent and disgraceful opposition; but, as a whole, these years were full both of happiness to him and of promise for the Church. In the difficult position in which he was placed by Mr. Gladstone's scheme of Disestablishment, he acted with conspicuous wisdom and loftiness of character. He refused to entertain Disraeli's suggestion that the blow might be averted by a partial surrender, which would have destroyed all hopes of future efficiency, "and which, being a compromise resting on no intelligible principle," would inevitably have ceased "to exist after a few years of weakness, poverty, and discredit." In a letter to the Bishop of Oxford of 18 April, 1868, he laid down the policy which he afterwards consistently carried out; he would fight for everything the Church possessed, believing it to be rightfully hers, and, if the battle was lost, would "rescue for the Church as much of her own as may be, taking all care that, whatever this be, it be secured to the Church of Ireland, in communion with the Church of England, and not to a new Church, which shall have purged the Prayer-Book of the Popish leaven which taints it still!!!" Disraeli's plan, though mistaken, was the suggestion of a friend. The Archbishop soon had to meet a more insidious danger in the shape of a letter from Mr. Gladstone inviting the Irish bishops and clergy to enter into "free com-

munication" with him. At the same time Mr. Gladstone refused to allow the Convocation to meet except under a pledge that it would "occupy itself with devising the best means for carrying out his scheme of Disestablishment and Disendowment." The Archbishop declined to make the Irish Church an accomplice in its own overthrow, to do the Minister's work for him, or to relieve him of the responsibility it entailed. The whole correspondence affords a delightful example of how a policy of wheedling and bullying may be foiled by uprightness and courage. A short note and an extract from one of the Archbishop's charges express the pardonable indignation with which he witnessed the inevitable surrender of the Lords on July 22, 1869. Mr. Gladstone's victory left the disestablished Church without any system of government or discipline, and the jealousy which the laity showed of the clergy, and especially of the bishops, rendered the formation of a Constitution peculiarly difficult. The Archbishop struggled hard to preserve the authority of the bishops; he succeeded in a measure, but was forced to agree to a compromise, which Dr. Pusey, in a letter full of sympathy, declared to be "formally wrong," though it would "not probably involve harm." A severe struggle soon followed; for the Puritan party attacked the Prayer-Book with the intention of sweeping away all that could be asserted to savour of Rome. The Archbishop's correspondence shows how gallantly he fought to preserve formularies and doctrines that were part of the inheritance of the Church, some of them touching such vital matters as Baptismal regeneration and the presence of Christ in the Eucharist. Some letters from Dr. Pusey, especially one condemning the proposed Preface, contain admirable criticisms on the demands of the aggressive party. But, while friends in England did what they could for the Archbishop by giving him counsel and sympathy, the burden of the conflict lay heavy on him and on his brother Primate, Archbishop Beresford. Although much that Trench strove to save was lost, he succeeded in preserving vital doctrines, and the disestablished Church remained in communion with the Church of England. The circumstances of the conflict and the foes with whom he had to contend were unworthy of him; not so the end for which he strove, or the results, incomplete though his success was, which he achieved. He lived to see ground for hope as to the future of the Church, and to labour happily, as it seems here, for about nine more years in his Master's service. When at last he was forced to resign his office, all his work on earth was over. The editor of these volumes has, on the whole, performed her task excellently. Here and there the connecting links between the letters should, we think, have been written in more commonplace language, and an index, or at least a reference-list, of the letters and their writers should have been supplied. A few unimportant slips have escaped correction, and there is an awkward confusion between the hymn of Thomas à Kempis—

Astant Angelorum chori—

and "the rhythm [of Bernard of Morlaix], part of which has become famous in its English dress as 'Jerusalem the Golden'" (Vol. i. p. 277).

MILITARY BOOKLETS.*

THE little volume, four by three inches in size, called the *Field Exercise*, which, in some four hundred pages, contains the whole of infantry drill—from the "balance step" to the manoeuvres of a division, from the detail of "sentry-go" to the broad rules of fire tactics, from the ordering of military pageants to shelter-trench exercise—is a very unpretending-looking production by the side of that ponderous work, the *Évolutions of the Army*, the official drill-book of sixty years ago, which contained its instruction chiefly to stiff parade movements, and required large folding plates for their elucidation.

One naturally wonders, in comparing our modern simplified system with the complicated internal battalion movements of the days of two and three rank drill, what a volume of "catch questions" might have been compiled then by an observant and critical student of Torrens's book. How many, for instance, could have been suggested anent such evolutions as "close column changing front by the wheel and countermarch of subdivisions round the centre," or "retaining the alignment of its front division"? Happily this inane manoeuvring is as obsolete as the spontoon of the non-commissioned officers.

It is, no doubt, satisfactory to find Mr. D'Arcy-Evans's little pamphlet on *Catch Questions in Infantry Drill*, on the whole, very disappointing; it shows that the subject of modern drill does not, after all, admit of many such, as of the hundred and eight questions compiled by this young and evidently "keen" officer, there are hardly more than twenty which any soldier with the smallest pretence to being "a drill" ought not to dismiss contemptuously, and of these about a dozen refer to the special movements of the Colour party. Of real "catches" there are none, unless we choose to look upon the following as such:—"Q. Marching past, who should first salute

* Gale and Polden's *Military Series*—*Catch Questions in Infantry Drill*. By Lieutenant D'Arcy-Evans (1st Battalion Royal Irish Rifles).

Guide to Promotion to Field Rank, in the Auxiliary and Reserve Forces. By Captain A. Baird Douglas (5th Battalion Royal Fusiliers).

Rhymes from the Ranks. By Quarter-Master-Sergeant H. Moray (and Battalion Royal Irish Rifles).

the general officer commanding?" The drum-major, who has that honour, is a useful person as well as an ornamental; but his movements do not, as a rule, engross the special attention of the student in drill. Another, perhaps, is that which inquires whether "a staff sergeant or warrant officer ever draws his sword" (Mr. D'Arcy-Evans should have specified "on parade").

On this question of modern drill it is curious to notice the development during the last decade of a kind of ephemeral, parasitic literature, professing to teach aspirants to military rank the detail of their numerous and responsible duties by a method of "spoon-feeding" which recalls the celebrated "French before breakfast" system. A glance at the lists of military booksellers shows, among their collections of sound works on the higher branches of the soldier's art, an astounding constellation of booklets which would make a fair Rabelaisian catalogue. "Notes," "Hints," "Guides," "Vade-Mecums," "Examiners," "Instructors," "Catechisms," "Précis," "Synopsis," "Companions," "How to do" this, that, and the other thing, "Practical Duties," "Rhyming Remembrances," &c. &c. All these to explain what is so plainly and explicitly laid down in the indispensable *quatuor* of books the "Field Exercise," the "Queen's Regulation," the "Army Act," and the "Musketry Instruction." It is, no doubt, a sign of the hurry of this age that, notwithstanding the simplification of drill and administration—for this kind of literature does not touch on scientific soldiering—the demand seems to be greater every day for artificial help towards their mastery.

The majority of these works, it is true, are specially addressed to the auxiliary forces. But it is fully debatable whether the facilities they afford unprofessional officers for mere cramming are not rather noxious than useful. To such men, who, unlike their brethren of the regulars, do not pass their lives in a military atmosphere, the intelligent reading of the original, official books would be the most favourable way to form correct notions of duty; but the temptation must be very strong to have recourse on most occasions to the highly concentrated, albeit indigestible, food found in the "How to do" series, or even in a "Rhyming Remembrancer."

Among the booklets of the pocket, synoptic class, there are, however, a few that can render useful service to candidates for promotion. Not compilations professing to teach drill, tactics, musketry law and interior economy, in twoscore small pages, but those which devote their pages chiefly to collecting the latest regulations concerning Schools of Instruction, boards, official forms, correspondence, and to a general statement of the qualifications and knowledge required of candidates. Much of this kind of information is found in Captain Baird Douglas's *Promotion to Field Rank*—on the whole, a well-arranged work. Under the present circumstances, pending the appearance of the new *Field Exercise*, the great space devoted to the new drill is excusable, otherwise it would only seem a pretext for swelling the publication beyond its natural proportions of a pamphlet. The most useful chapters, however, are the last, which deal with the proper channels of correspondence, the system of orderly-room work, and the modes of demanding supplies of ammunition, food, and forage.

Messrs. Gale & Polden have added to their ever-increasing Military Series a volume of *Rhymes from the Ranks*, by a non-commissioned officer of the Royal Irish Rifles, which shows on the minstrel's part considerable facility for jingling words together in various metres, and expresses all the loyal and patriotic commonplaces connected with gory and glory, vigour and trigger, battle and rattle, &c. No doubt the sergeants' mess of the Irish Rifles can find special delight in the harmony of such "Rhymes" from the ranks as

The brave heart wears a genial smile;
It shares and bears a comrade's toil;

but, despite such occasional displays of Hibernian peculiarities of pronunciation and a certain riskiness of metaphor here and there, the healthy, joyous, loyal sentiments this volume contains are bound to make it very suitable to soldiers' libraries.

CORNEY GRAIN.*

TO rifle Mr. Corney Grain's amusing book of its diverting anecdotes and confessions is a temptation hard to withstand. It were an aggravated iniquity to fall, however, for the good stories so well told by Mr. Grain are not only numerous, but occur in a real autobiographical narrative, and spring naturally from the incidents and movements of what may certainly be called a changeable life. Mr. Corney Grain by himself is an entertainment that most people have enjoyed and will, we hope, continue to enjoy. We don't want any one by Mr. Corney Grain except himself. He suffices, and more than suffices, on the platform, before the piano, both by his own engaging individuality and as the most noteworthy successor to the accomplished and never-to-be-forgotten Mr. John Parry. The title of this chatty book of recollections suggests a metaphysical mystery, and very humorously does the writer set forth the advantages of his literary method. He is both interviewer and the interviewed. The dual part is enacted with a graceful forbearance on both sides that would disarm the most inveterate dislike of the loathly practice

of interviewing. There is an insinuating courtesy in Mr. Grain the interviewer that produces the pleasantest results for a curious public in the revelations of Mr. Grain the interviewed. Moreover, Mr. Grain is not alone the entertainer, nor it is needless to say entertaining in his recital of platform and social experiences. He is quite as obviously, in the rôle of interviewer, entertained, like his readers and like his audience. The gusto with which he tells stories that reflect the unconscious humour of his critics—especially his drawing-room critics—is too delightful for transcription here. It must be read to be enjoyed. And so, with a piquant story never far from the pen's tip, we refrain from abstracting the humours of Mr. Grain's volume, in the best interests of its readers. One portion of these reminiscences is a contribution to the annals of places of entertainment—such as the Gallery of Illustration and the old Polygraphic Hall—which seem for ever fated to await the historian. Mr. Grain's remarks on the want of stage training among experienced singers *à propos* of Mr. German Reed's company are worthy of note just now, and will be thoroughly supported by the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music and Dr. Villiers Stanford, as they have a wider application. "It is not their fault," says Mr. Grain, that they have to be "taught at rehearsals, and often after rehearsals." It is the fault of our "existing, or rather non-existing, systems of teaching and opportunities of practice."

THE BRITISH ARMY.*

SINCE, under the influence of the Volunteer movement, we have become a quasi-military nation, this compilation from the various records of the regiments of the British army may perhaps be well received by the reading public. Thirty years ago its publication would certainly have entailed serious financial loss, but, as lately during the riots in Trafalgar Square it was remarked that a very large proportion of the Special constables employed had an inkling of drill and military formations, so a corresponding liking for military books may have permeated society in these islands.

And assuredly some of the episodes recorded in these pages are most romantic reading, though the "baptism of fire" was received by our oldest regiments not under the most glorious circumstances, but when their arms were directed against rebels and fanatics within our own borders. Thus the Life Guards were for the first time in action against certain insurrectionary Anabaptists, headed by one Venner, who, in January 1661, fled to the umbrageous purlieus of St. John's Wood, where, pursued by that gallant corps, they made desperate resistance in the thickest part of it, afterwards taking advantages of the covert to make their way back to London. A detachment from the main guard at Whitehall met them in Cheapside, cut down a goodly number, and drove the remainder into a house, which, incontinently shorn of its roof, had a lively fusillade poured into its interior. This prepared the way for a final rush, which ended with the capture of the few survivors of the mad garrison. Thus it was that our fathers dealt with the rogues and fanatics who disturbed the even tenour of City life by riotously propagating unseemly doctrines. But siege operations in Cheapside were even then of rare occurrence. Again, many of our oldest corps owe their origin to Monmouth's rash rebellion; they fought at Sedgemoor, and were afterwards kept on foot to serve the political views of James II. At his accession the army counted but 8,000 men, but was almost doubled to meet the above emergency. Seventeen regiments in all were added to the muster-rolls. Among them were the first six regiments of Dragoon Guards, who carry such glorious records upon their standards; the names of Blenheim, Ramillies, Dettingen, Vittoria, Waterloo, and Balaklava, being conspicuous among them; while the 7th was raised by the Earl of Devonshire in 1688 to support the enterprise of the Prince of Orange. All these corps were, in the first instance, cuirassiers. Senior to them all, however, are the "Royal Dragoons" and "Scots Greys." The former, originally styled "The Tangier Horse," were embodied at the time of Charles II.'s marriage to defend Tangier, part of his bride's dowry, from the attacks of the turbulent Moors. The exploits of this corps may be regarded as the first campaign abroad of the modern British army; their work being somewhat akin to what falls to the lot of the French nowadays in Algeria. In 1684, returning home, the corps received its present title, and they especially distinguished themselves under Lord Peterborough in various parts of Spain. The Scots Greys, on the other hand, were formed for the castigation of the Covenanters in the days of Dalzell and Dundee, who was their colonel. They fought at Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge, and have been immortalized by Scott in the pages of *Old Mortality*. In later days, it is here stated, on the occasion of their memorable charge at Waterloo, the Highland infantry, breaking from their ranks as their mounted comrades passed through them, caught hold of their stirrups, and joined in the charge and battle-cry, "Scotland for ever!" This story, however, which is not represented in the spirited picture known by that name, is very likely apocryphal. Two thousand French prisoners and the eagle the corps wears as a badge were the trophies of their valour; but, as they suffered severely when retreating, the human part of their

* *Corney Grain. By Himself.* London: John Murray. 1888.

* *The British Army: its Regimental Records, Badges, Devices, &c.* By Major J. H. Lawrence-Archer. London: Bell & Co. 1888.

booty must have been lost. The bearskin is worn by them in lieu of the helmet to commemorate Ramillies, where they captured the standards of a French Guard regiment.

As is well known, the former Indian Artillery has of late years been amalgamated with that of the Queen, but all are not aware that, previous to 1801, there was a separate Royal Irish Artillery. This fact suggests a fresh grievance for patriots, and it is amazing that no one has yet demanded "autonomy" in the matter of ordnance. It is less astonishing to find that we were the last Power in Europe to form a body of horse artillery. *En revanche*, we have been the first to reduce its proportions. James II., we are told, relied principally on his artillery to repel the invasion of his undutiful son-in-law, but found himself "paralysed by red tape," whose coils modern officials have evidently not burst asunder.

It is interesting to note that, while the Grenadier Guards are of Royalist origin, the Coldstreams were raised under Parliamentary auspices; the one being destined by Charles II. when in exile for the service of Spain, the other formed by order of Cromwell in 1650 to reinforce the army of Scotland. Taking its name from the border town where General Monk at one time fixed his headquarters, it accompanied his march to London, and was fortunate enough to escape the disbandment of the Parliamentary troops which took place after the Restoration. Unlike most line regiments, the Foot Guards have "company badges," which sometimes afford curious historic reminiscences. Among them are the "Tudor Roses"; the "Fleur-de-Lis"—figurative of the pretensions of our kings to the French Crown; the "Golden Portcullis," a badge of Henry VII.'s, which had it been "Golden Bridge" might have conveyed a covert sarcasm; the "Silver Falcon" affected by Edward IV.; but it is not easy to see wherefore and when they were assumed. Those conferred during the present reign are at all events less puzzling, e.g. the Irish Shamrock and the Crest of the late Prince Consort. Among the "company badges" of the Coldstreams we find the apparent incongruity of a "White Boar with Golden Bristles," said to have been favoured by Richard III., and the more bucolic image of a "Dun Cow," which Henry VII. inherited from Guy Earl of Warwick.

But the oldest traditions of the army cling to the "Royal Scots," who, under Sir John Hepburn, had the rare good fortune to serve under Gustavus Adolphus, and were by him awarded the palm of valour after the battle of Leipzig. But they passed over to the French service after his death, when the battle of Nördlingen seemed to prove that the Swedish cause was sinking in the hands of less competent leaders. Incorporated with the forces of England at the Restoration, they seem for a period to have taken the pay of Lewis and Charles alternately. Finally, in 1678, settling down in the service of the English King, they were employed in what then seemed the uttermost parts of the earth, Ireland and Tangier, and have since that time shared in every great victory which has adorned our history.

The author has performed his task with accuracy and care. It is therefore unfortunate that we should meet at the very outset with a slip of the pen which tends to create a different impression. In the short introductory preface we are told "the disputed succession to the Crown of Spain ended in the accession of Charles of Anjou." We presume he was mingling his reminiscences with the history of Naples in a former century.

NEW PRINTS.

THE works of "painter-etchers"—that is, of etchers who engrave their own designs—are apparently in good demand. It may not be safe to judge by the supply, but almost every day new prints are issued, some of them calculated to attract the collector, who knows that only a limited number of really good impressions can be produced. Messrs. Gladwell fully recognize this limitation, and the series of views of English Cathedrals by Mr. W. W. Burgess which they are publishing will be restricted to two hundred and fifty impressions from each plate of the class described as artist's proofs. Three of them are before us—Wells, Lichfield, and Ripon. In each of them Mr. Burgess has water in the foreground, and in the two first-named the cathedral towers are reflected in it. The Lichfield view is the most pleasing, the sky being very carefully, and successfully, used to enhance the architectural details and to set off the foliage of the trees. The banks of the river in the Wells print are too stiff, as are the figures, and the tree to the right seems too heavy; but, as a rule, Mr. Burgess is extremely skilful in the delineation of trees. In the etching of Ripon a sunset and twilight effect is obtained; but parts of the picture seem to us a little too dark. It must be very difficult to get much variety of treatment into a series of views; but so far Mr. Burgess has managed it. The prints are rich and warm in colour.

A very fine print, a "Goupil-gravure," comes from Messrs. Bousso and Valadon. It is taken from Mr. J. H. Hooper's picture, "The Old Homestead," a picture which lends itself well to monochromatic treatment. The scene is one of those in which M. Heffner and Mr. Leader delight. A sunset background, a bank of dark trees, a distant church tower, a few roofs and gables, a solitary figure, and a foreground dotted with pools which reflect the light and colour of the sky. This is a large

print, and, from its delicate gradations, as well as the sentiment of the subject, would prove very ornamental framed and hung up. The process employed in the production of the impression is marvellous in its delicacy and fidelity.

Messrs. Dickenson of New Bond Street have published two etchings by Mr. Wooliscroft Rhead and one by C. O. Murray, of Eton College subjects, after Mr. J. M. Hemy. The first two represent respectively "Schoolyard—absence" and a game at "The Wall," and are full of figures vigorously drawn and well grouped. The time-honoured buildings are made a prominent feature of each etching; and will commend the views to the attention of many besides old Etonians. The third of these prints represents the "Upper School—speeches," and the figures seem to be portraits, but Mr. Hemy has succeeded very fairly in avoiding the stiffness apparent in too many pictures in which a series of likenesses is a special feature. The "antique towers," with the winter effect of the clear sky, come out with sufficient distinctness in the football print, which, to our taste, is the most pleasing of the three, but many may prefer the quadrangle view in which the tone of the red brick of the clock tower is very cleverly caught.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE seventeenth-century *Caquets de l'accouchée* (1) has a kind of traditional association with the fifteenth-century *Quinze joyes de mariage*, and it was natural enough that M. Jouaust, having accommodated the elder volume in his beautiful illustrated series, should admit the younger. For our part, however, the dress seems to us in this case to be much too handsome for the lady. The *Caquets* do not make a bad book of what is called the manners-painting kind, but they have nothing of the ferocious humour of the terrible little satire with the refrain of "dans la nasse" which sums up in almost perfect form all mediæval satire and scandal on the sex of Queen Elizabeth.

It is possible that M. de la Ferrière's (2) title will cause some misunderstandings. It is not exactly a misnomer, and yet it is very likely to be misunderstood. As a matter of fact, it consists of three short historical studies on Jeanne des Piennes, the unfortunate and ill-treated love of François de Montmorency; on Henri Trois in his youth (little or no scandal); and on a much less known personage, Anne de la Boderie, a Norman "beautiful soul" of the early seventeenth century. M. de la Ferrière has already shown talent for these studies, and he has continued to show it here.

It is seldom possible to read about any lady who had the misfortune to be one of Chateaubriand's numerous—it would be impossible to say flames, and might be misleading to say victims, without a certain desire to inflict personal chastisement on that very gifted, but very coxcombical, personage. M. Bardoux (3) has added to the gallery Mme. de Custine, whom to look at, in one of those charming fluffly coiffures of the Marie Antoinette time which fashion (for reasons tolerably obvious) has neglected to revive, is to love. Late eighteenth-century sensibility had a delightful representative in Delphine de Sabran, "Queen of Roses," according to Boufflers, who was an accomplished rosarian in this sense, daughter-in-law and wife to the two murdered Custines of the Revolution, mother of Marquis Astolphe, whom good judges have put high among the royal and noble authors of France; and, lastly, *amie* of Chateaubriand. But as to "René" himself, the result is as we have said.

We merely mention here Mrs. Craven's book on Lady Georgiana Fullerton (4), which has been simultaneously published in English, and to which we shall give fuller mention elsewhere.

To an Englishman out of conceit with his country, and especially with its Egyptian record, it is always something of a boon to read an Anglophobe Frenchman's book on the subject. According to M. Chesnel (5) our morals-out-Turk the Turks, we know nothing of hydraulics, Hicks Pasha was one of our most distinguished officers, we commit the almost incredible crime of obtruding our "graduates" into places for which French "professeurs" are ready, if they do not occupy them already, and so forth. "Ah, monsieur," one might say, "you can't think how welcome you are to abuse us, so long as you only hit the sound points and not the sore ones."

We can sympathize with the intentions, and praise the learning, of both the books by reverend Abbés which are before us; but we can go further with Father Gicard (6) than with Father Feret (7). The former's protest against compulsory secular education is complete, though it is at the polling-booths, not in the library, that it must be made to have any effective uses. The Abbé Feret's historical survey of the relations between Church and State is learned and interesting; but we cannot give him "gain of cause," or even hope of gain, in his contention for an ecclesiocracy. History and logic both are against him there.

- (1) *Les caquets de l'accouchée*. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.
- (2) *Amour mondain et amour mystique*. Par H. de la Ferrière. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
- (3) *Madame de Custine*. Par A. Bardoux. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
- (4) *Lady Georgiana Fullerton*. Par Mme. Craven. Paris: Perrin.
- (5) *Plaies d'Égypte*. Par E. Chesnel. Paris: Marpon et Flammarion.
- (6) *Les deux maîtres de l'enfance*. Par l'Abbé Gicard. Paris: Perrin.
- (7) *Le pouvoir civil*. Par l'Abbé Feret. Paris: Perrin.

What the professed Daudetist may think of *L'immortel* (8) we, in our turn, profess not to know. But it seems to us, though of course not without traces of its author's talent, to be a dull and even sordid book, contrasting with *Tartarin sur les Alpes* in a very curious manner. The satire on the Academy, besides being in parts personal to a degree inexcusable even in a person who has, like M. Daudet, the excuse, such as it is, of having inextricably got into bad habits, wants lightness, ease, and universality. No doubt there is some truth in it; but, though truth is necessary to satire, it does not make it by itself; and it is a mistake in tactics for a man like M. Daudet to treat as a pack of fossil fogies a body which contains at least two men far wittier than himself, and at least a dozen of as much literary power. The old story of the duping of Michel (*not* Philareté) Chasles by forged autographs comes in not over-happily. There is, however, some fun in the guileless country candidate M. de Freydel; Paul Astier, the Academician's scheming son, is good, though not new; and there is a duel, which, as anticipating the Floquet-Boulanger affair, is a stroke of prophecy. That the whole is thoroughly readable is a matter of course, but we cannot consider it either an advance—or a return.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

PUTTING professional travellers or explorers aside, who have been active enough for three centuries past, it seems that the "locomotive disposition" in men has been greatly stimulated by the superior facilities for travel in these days. A modest trip to the East, or Spain, or up the Nile, once contented the amateur and provoked the volume of travels. Now that travellers and their records have multiplied inordinately, the extent of ground covered is only less astonishing than the pace of the traveller. And the pace is too often suggestive of a humorous accord with the odd conceit of Sir John Davies, who bids us note the world, how it is whirled around, "and that it is so whirl'd is nam'd so." In *Orient and Occident* (Allen & Co.) Major-General R. C. W. Reveley Mitford has penned a "day by day" chronicle of travel from Lahore eastward to Liverpool by way of China, Japan, San Francisco, the States, and Canada. It is a stout book and demands a sturdy reader. Pruned of all superfluity, the iterations and commonplaces of voyagers, it would be slim indeed. Of course it is not easy to find anything new to say of Hong Kong or San Francisco, of the Yosemite Valley, Colorado Springs, Salt Lake City, Niagara, Chicago, and "Buffalo Bill." When General Mitford leaves the outworn tracks of tourists, as he does in the Japanese section of his book, he shows a real freshness of observation, and his record is both interesting and individual. He writes very pleasantly of Japanese life in town and country, of the "enchanted region of temples, shrines, and tombs" around Nikko, the magical beauty of the Inland Sea, Fuji and Lake Hakomé, the wonders of Amida, the theatres, jugglers, and the fat tattooed wrestlers of Osaka. And here, also, the author's illustrations are at their best. His sketches of Japanese landscape, such as the "Japanese garden" (p. 130), and the "Tea-hour at Arima" (p. 104), are capital examples, and suggest a decorative application as designs for blue and white porcelain. In America General Mitford saw what every tourist sees, and records what everybody knows. It was scarcely necessary to "warn the reader" that a railway in the States is a "rail road," a carriage is a "car," a ticket a "cheque," and a station a "depôt (pronounced 'deep-oh')." The points of contrast suggested by the title *Carlyle and John Stuart Mill* (Orpington: Allen) are clearly put and effectively treated by Mr. Edward Jenks in his Le Bas prize essay. Perhaps too much is made of the association implied by the conjunction in the writer's summary of Carlyle's work and Mill's. That Carlyle was something of a prophet few would dispute; but that the apostolic mission of Mill, as the inheritor of Bentham, can be an axiomatic fact to many of Mr. Jenks's readers is more than can be expected. His essay is not ill conceived, though it opens in a somewhat turgid style. But Mr. Jenks really ought to know better than to describe certain French writers as "De Musset" and "Duboisgobey."

Mr. James Moir, in a critical essay—*Sir William Wallace* (Aberdeen: Edmond & Spark)—examines the metrical chronicle of Blind Harry from the historical standpoint, and finds the poet's record "comparatively valueless." His array of "anachronisms" and "absurdities" may shock patriots—if any there be—who accept Blind Harry as an accurate chronicler of Wallace's life and exploits, but it does not affect the position of the bard one whit. If Blind Harry omitted certain "well-established incidents" that told against his hero and his countrymen, he only did what other bards have done.

Mr. D. Edgar Flinn has produced a seasonable handbook of useful information and well-arranged statistics in *Ireland; its Health Resorts and Watering-Places* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) English people, for the most part, know little of the charming seaside places and inland mineral springs described in this book. They know Bray and Kingstown, Rostrevor (perhaps), and Portrush. They know one Blackrock (co. Dublin), but not the other Blackrock in county Cork; and no visitor to Bantry Bay can forget the charms of Glengarriff and its neighbourhood. Mr. Flinn's book may well incite readers to go further afield in

search of health on the Irish coast. He offers much valuable assistance to invalid and tourist alike.

Another tourist's handbook, though not written from a medical point of view, is Mr. C. Jurgensen's "popular guide to Norway," *The Land of the Vikings* (Walter Scott), of which we have a new edition, with additional illustrations, "skeleton tours," and time-tables for the Fjord steamers.

Visitors to the Hebrides and the Highlands would not do amiss to make a companion of Professor Blackie's *Lays of the Highlands and Islands* (Walter Scott), if only for the stirring and characteristic "Talk with the Tourists" which forms the preface. This introductory address is scarcely less fervid in tone than the picturesque ballads—such as the "Death of Columba"—or the various "poems of places." These last are arranged under the names of the counties in which the localities that inspire the poet are to be found, so that the traveller may read under the beneficent influence of the *genius loci*.

Mr. Edwin Hamilton's volume of lively verses—*The Moderate Man* (Ward & Downey)—comprises a few pieces neatly turned and ingeniously rhymed, at times somewhat after Mr. W. S. Gilbert's manner. Mr. Harry Furniss illustrates the facetious author very happily for the most part.

E. D. S., the author of *Dorica* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), is a tuneful singer, commendably free from affectation, though the quality of his poetry is not easily determined; it has a pleasing, yet unexciting, fluency. In *Woodland and Dreamland* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) Mr. Rowe Lingston attempts certain translations from the *Miræio* of the Provençal poet Mistral, in addition to lyrical flights of his own muse that are decidedly more melodious and attractive. The opening poem, "The Bird of Passage," is extremely pretty. *Religion*, by W. J. Spratly (Digby & Long) is but the "Prologue" to a blank-verse epic, apparently inspired by the discovery that there are "ten thousand phonetic blemishes" in *Paradise Lost*. It is an appalling example of foolish daring. What Mr. Spratly means by "phonetic blemishes" may be gathered from his italics in the following quotation:—

Of man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste—

which is improved thus:—

Of direful disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose pleasant taste.

We marvel what the delicate ear of Mr. Spratly would make of Keats's

Awakening up he took her hollow lute,
Tumultuous, &c.

As a *Bird to the Snare*, by Gertrude Warden (Bristol: Arrowsmith), is probably not the last, as it is assuredly not the worst, of the tedious progeny of *Called Back*. It opens in the approved form:—"Now, in the restful evening of a busy life, I have been asked by those who love me best to put into narrative form some of the strange and exciting experiences," and so forth.

Among our new editions are *Queen Mary and Harold*, by Lord Tennyson, with a steel plate by Mr. G. J. Stodart, after Titian's portrait of Philip II. at Madrid (Macmillan & Co.); *The Madonna of the Future; and other Tales, and Daisy Miller, An International Episode, Four Meetings*, by Henry James (Macmillan & Co.).

We have received *The Whole Duty of Man*, the "Ancient and Modern Theological Library" (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); the Rev. G. Miller's *Historical Sketches of the English Church* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *Select Passages from the Greek and Latin Poets*, with English metrical renderings, compiled by E. H. C. Smith, M.A. (Rivingtons); *The Life and Glories of St. Joseph*, by Edward Healy Thompson, M.A. (Burns & Oates); and *The Relation of Ethics to Religion*, by Robert Potter, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

NOTICE.—All ADVERTISEMENTS intended for insertion in the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed direct to the MANAGER of the ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT, SATURDAY REVIEW OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday Mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsagent, on the day of publication.

Now ready, VOLUME LXV., bound in cloth, price 16s. Cloth Cases for Binding all the Volumes, price 2s. each. Also, Reading Cases, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. each. May be had at the Office, or through any Bookseller.

